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SO THE SECRETARY of Labor concurs in the decision of the inspectors excluding the Countess Cathcart. We are still of the opinion that this is an entirely unwarranted interpretation of the law and we are hopeful that judges will be found to see that there is no legal warrant for the position taken by the Government. The very section of the law cited by the Secretary is not convincing, for he declares that the Countess admitted the commission of a crime involving moral turpitude. Now, the Countess admitted adultery, but that is not a crime under South African law or United States law. It is a crime in New York and other blue-law States, but of that the federal authorities cannot take cognizance. Hence, we trust that the courts will find the Secretary in error and will overrule his decision. If necessary the case should be taken to the Supreme Court, even though the mischief has been done and this country has more than ever been made to appear as the Pharisee nation of the world. We urge—most earnestly—that before the shame of this decision passes a determined effort be made to induce Congress to amend the law so that its intent shall be beyond the possibility of further mishandling by dull and fumbling immigration inspectors, who are the last people in the world to be put in the position of censors of morals. They themselves would, we are sure, be happy to lose this duty.

IN THIS CONNECTION we owe an apology to Commissioner Curran and offer it, with sincere regret that, like the rest of the press, we were misled as to his powers and functions in the Cathcart case. It seems that he is merely an innocent bystander; that if an inspector detains an alien and rules him or her out, and if that decision is upheld by a board of three inspectors, the Commissioner has no more to do with the case than if he were the collector of the port of New Orleans. The report does not even go through his hands, but is sent direct by the board of inspectors to the Secretary of Labor. Our criticism should have applied to the inspectors and not to the Commissioner. We therefore unqualifiedly withdraw our criticism of him and repeat our sorrow that we, as well as various other New York editors, were misled. We note with satisfaction that Commissioner Curran has announced his intention to appeal to Congress to alter the law so that he shall be really responsible for what happens on Ellis Island and shall not be again shouldered with a responsibility which is not his. He also, in a communication to the New York *Herald Tribune* of February 23, asks that Congress list precisely each offense for which persons shall be excluded so that there shall be no discretion vested in the inspecting officers. He is emphatic that adultery should not be included in the list as it is not a crime in most of the world. We are the happier to make this amend because, heretofore, in the offices he has held Mr. Curran has won the respect and praise of *The Nation's* editors, so much so that we could not understand this apparent lapse.

CLOSE ON THE HEELS OF THE Cathcart case comes the trial of Anthony Bimba in Brockton, Massachusetts, for declaring his disbelief in God. To punish this disbelief the district attorney has fallen back on a blue law which dates back approximately three hundred years, under which statute Thomas Paine and Robert G. Ingersoll could doubtless have been sent to jail. What preposterous folly and bigotry! The country is full of men who do not believe in a divine being, and reject all the superstition and idol worship of which our modern religion is still largely composed. Must they all go to jail? The district attorney declares that he will arrest Clarence Darrow if he should repeat in Brockton the speech he has been making all over the country. That may be consistency, but it is also crass stupidity. It has been followed up by a denial to Scott Nearing and Dudley Field Malone of halls in Brockton and Boston in which to discuss this case. Yet there are Americans who still say that this is a free country, that the Constitution is respected, and that free speech, the most precious birthright of all Americans, is preserved! This case should also be taken to our highest court. It reminds us that there is no organization so much needed in this country today as the American Civil Liberties Union.

MUSSOLINI has backed water. Apparently frightened by the widespread condemnation of his threat of war against Germany, he has notified the Austrian Government that no Italian soldier will go over the Brenner Pass. His

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outrageous blustering, he explains, was meant only as a warning that Italy will never allow the union of Austria and Germany—a curious warning and a still more curious method of warning. So the Austrian Chancellor announces that he will not bring the issue to the attention of the League of Nations and will consider the matter closed. It cannot possibly have strengthened Mussolini at home, and it is to be hoped that he will use a more civil tongue hereafter. He remains, however, the greatest menace to peace in Europe. As long as he is in office he will also be a threat to the very existence of the League of Nations. But there is one sure way in which he can be controlled and that is through coal. Italy is without a pound of it and dependent upon England or the United States if Germany refuses to give her any. It behooves Italy, therefore, to give especial attention to the wishes of Great Britain, and for the statesmen of the latter country coal is a weapon of which they can make good use if they will do so patiently, and justly, and wisely.

"THE FUTURE OF THE LEAGUE [of Nations] as well as of the Locarno treaties is in deadly and immediate peril"; "the international political battle over the League Council seats is brewing one of the greatest crises the League has yet known." No, these are not the statements of critics or enemies of the League. They are excerpts from dispatches to the New York *World* and *Times*. The former admits that Great Britain is ready to throw overboard the disarmament conference by a further postponement to September (after which it is to be forgotten), and declares that "almost any measures" are now justifiable to get Germany into the League and to save the Council from being swamped by new members. In its essence it is a fresh struggle between France and England within the League. France desires not only to have Poland as a permanent member of the Council to offset the accession of Germany, but wishes also to add to the Council Spain as a permanent member and three more temporary members. England feels that if this is done the Council is lost. As Viscount Grey points out, if you admit three or four besides Germany there will be immediate and serious embarrassments; "for every such addition there will arise several other claims equally meritorious." He does not see where the line could be drawn and feels that with a large Council there would be every risk of that body's being paralyzed in an emergency (as it was by Mussolini in the Corfu issue). Doubtless there will be Americans to say that if we were now in the Council we could guide its destinies and settle the question. For ourselves we rejoice once more that America is not mixed up in the daily intrigues and quarrels of Europe.

LLOYD GEORGE'S land campaign takes on more serious import now that the general conference of Liberal Associations of England and Wales has given general assent to his scheme. There were some objections on the ground that it was socialistic, but the delegates, of whom there were 1,500, unanimously voted that the time has arrived for a radical reform of the land situation along the general lines laid down by Lloyd George. The Earl of Oxford and Asquith was careful to point out that no Liberal who dissented on this issue need leave the party. Lloyd George himself declared, however, that "Liberalism will not be bullied by the vested interests." So he has now successfully boxed his way around the political compass and will probably once more find himself denounced as a dangerously socialistic firebrand as he used to be when he originally championed land reform. One thing is certain: this puts the Labor Party to its trumps on the land question. It must either stick to its more radical land proposals, of which we have heard little of late, or it must come to a compromise with the Liberals. In any event, the Liberals now have a fighting issue, but the *Daily Herald* believes it leaves Lloyd George friendless. As our readers will recall, we printed an account of the Lloyd George plan from the pen of our London contributing editor, Mr. J. A. Hobson, in our issue of November 11 last. The plan is to relieve all non-farming land-owners of their ownership, compensating them not by outright purchase but by a guaranteed annual rental assessed by a land court. The state itself is not, however, to farm, but to leave cultivation to practical farmers. As Mr. Hobson pointed out, it may take the efforts of a generation to set the plan afoot.

THE REJECTION OF THE NOMINATION of Thomas F. Woodlock by the Interstate Commerce Commission is most encouraging evidence that Congress continues to manifest its independence in dealing with Coolidge nominations. The refusal to confirm Charles B. Warren as Attorney General is, of course, the outstanding case, but recently the Senate Judiciary Committee has refused to report favorably the nomination for judge of Wallace McCamant, who nominated Mr. Coolidge for Vice-President in the 1920 convention. Mr. Woodlock has been serving on the Interstate Commerce Commission as a recess appointee; by a vote of seven to six he was rejected by a combination of Democrats and Republicans. Mr. Woodlock was opposed because of the bias in his writings in which his partisanship of the railroads has been obvious, because he has been registered and has voted as a Republican in recent years although appointed as a Democrat, and because of general resistance to the President's policy of packing the various commissions in the interest of big business. In the matter of the debt settlement with Italy there seems also to be a disposition to decline to follow the President's wishes.

INTEREST IN THE ANTHRACITE STRIKE and the hardships endured by the strikers and their families during the long months of struggle has served one unfortunate end. It has distracted public attention from the situation in other fields where the suffering is incomparably worse and in many cases has extended over a period of years instead of months. In West Virginia bituminous miners have been on strike for two and three years. They are living jammed together in shacks and tents; the regular relief from the union has been cut to $1 every two weeks for a family of four. A few groceries are distributed each week, but the dollar dole must cover everything else. In the bituminous district of Pennsylvania the situation is equally acute. Since last fall 2,000 families have been living in tents and subsisting on a pitifully insufficient union dole. In each case these conditions have grown out of the collapse of the Jacksonville Agreement of 1922. Throughout the bituminous field operators have attempted to ignore the agreement and over wide areas they have succeeded in establishing non-union conditions. Where the men have stuck by the agreement and refused to accept the operators' terms, they have been driven to tent colonies and the uncertain support

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of a depleted union treasury. Where they have yielded and are working at non-union wages they are little better off. An Emergency Committee for Miners' Relief has been formed by the League for Industrial Democracy and the American Civil Liberties Union to collect money and clothing for the striking miners of these sections. There is particular need of warm clothing—especially for women and children. The office of the committee is Room 635, 799 Broadway, New York.

MILLIONS OF JEWS in every country in Europe are suffering economic privation or political oppression or both. Most of them must stay where they are; only a handful can hope to emigrate to the New World or fly to the uncertain blessings of the Palestinian homeland. To meet this widespread need requires more than generosity and good-will, though these are required on an enormous scale. The primary demand is for imagination—minds bold enough not to be staggered by the size of the task and its infinite variety. The work of establishing a secure and productive Jewish community is wholly different in Russia and in Rumania and in Palestine. It must be undertaken in each case in a different spirit and with different methods. But, by one way and another, it must be done. None of the necessary vision and courage seems to be lacking among the American Jews who are launching their great drive for fifteen million dollars—$6,990,000 of which will be raised in New York. And certainly they are possessed of the necessary generosity. They have gauged their financial program by the tremendous needs which they intend to meet, and they have planned the work with statesmanlike regard for the conditions in the countries where they will work. If it were only for the sake of their excellent Russian program this drive should succeed.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH of W. A. Sukhomlinov, the former Russian minister of war, recalls to mind one of the most sinister and least attractive figures in the pre-war period and the world conflict which followed. Sukhomlinov was one of the leading chauvinists of pre-war Russia, but when the test came he could not even demonstrate the courage of his convictions. Men like the Grand Duke Nicholas remained consistent, and proved equal to the crisis in throwing Russia into the war and showing themselves brave and competent soldiers afterward. But though Sukhomlinov inspired such inflammatory material as the famous article in the *Birshewija Wjedomosti*, reprinted in the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* for June 14, 1914, which did as much as anything else to promote suspicion and bellicosity in Europe on the eve of the war, he lost his nerve at the last and "passed the buck" in the war office to Janushkevich, the chief of staff, who cooperated with Sazonov in putting through the fatal mobilization measures. During his notorious trial Sukhomlinov claimed that he had no responsibility for the Russian military acts from July 24, 1914, onward, but the statement was deemed incredible at the time. Nevertheless, the memoir of Dobrorolski, the diary of Baron Schilling, and the elaborate monograph of Professor Frantz establish the accuracy of Sukhomlinov's claim to innocence. During the war his incompetence was a leading cause of the collapse of the Russian military participation. His memoirs are voluminous and informing, but the notorious unreliability of the author makes it impossible to use them with assurance.

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP of David Lawrence, the Washington correspondent, a most interesting experiment is being undertaken in the capital—the publishing of a journal, the *United States Daily*, which will devote itself to recording the day-by-day activities of the federal Government. There will be no editorial page and no partisanship or propaganda of any kind, but a factual record of each department and bureau. Wherever possible this journal will present all important documents and decisions textually, and exact transcripts of hearings. If this work is well done the paper should become invaluable to all who are brought into contact with the Government, and to lawyers, editors, non-resident officials, our representatives abroad, librarians, etc. A record of this kind has been needed for years. If it is adequately indexed it will be a boon to all who have to keep informed of what the Government is doing. Associated with Mr. Lawrence are forty-eight prominent men and women, a number of whom have invested capital, and he will employ a staff of thirty reporters to begin with. It is a venture which deserves all success.

MARION TALLEY, the Kansas City song-bird whose rare gifts *The Nation* recorded three years ago, has made her debut at nineteen, accompanied by an amount of publicity which was unprecedented. If it does not ruin her we may all be thankful. Her voice, the critics agree, is one of extraordinary promise, a colorature soprano of large range, but one that needs much hard work if she is to be anything else than a nineteen-year-old wonder. A great artist does not "arrive" and complete his or her artistic education on a given day. The debut is but the beginning. There must be incessant musical labor, assiduous practice, and steady mental development if a great and well-rounded performer is to be created. There are disquieting signs that those nearest to this song-bird—whose debut at nineteen is not as unusual as most people believe—do not realize the necessity for years of the most devoted study and coaching if Marion Talley is definitely to take her place among the world's great artists.

WHETHER OR NOT ANY MOVING PICTURE yet made has a right to be considered a work of art when judged by the standards applicable to books, pictures, or plays is perhaps an open question; but whether it be answered in the affirmative or the negative two significant facts stand out: first, that some at least are infinitely superior to others and, second, that the superior films are all but lost in the vast quantity of trash which has submerged the country. It is, accordingly, an excellent plan which the International Film Arts Guild has formulated for giving a series of special performances of moving-picture "classics." It secured the Cameo Theater on Forty-second Street and during the week of January 31 it revived seven pictures of especial note, including "The Last Laugh," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "A Woman of Paris." Several new foreign films are also promised, but the week of March 7 is to be devoted to eleven productions all made by Ernst Lubitsch, perhaps the most original of all modern directors. The Guild's experiment will serve to demonstrate whether or not there is an audience sufficiently interested in superior films to make a special effort to see them and it will also provide a better opportunity than has yet been had of evaluating on their own merits the best achievements of the screen.

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Those Advisory Opinions

THE Senate rendered a great service to the Permanent Court of International Justice and to the countries of the world by its reservation on advisory opinions. The original Swanson resolution provided that the United States was not to be bound by any advisory opinion rendered in accordance with the statute of the World Court. One wonders what the draftsman meant, for the statute makes no provision whatever for advisory opinions. Only the Covenant of the League of Nations permits these. The alleged caveat against being bound was futile and disingenuous; nobody is legally bound by an advisory opinion, neither the Court, nor the Council, nor the member nations.

That is why Mr. Root and eminent judges have considered such opinions non-judicial in character. Yet they are and may be used as political spring-boards by the Council of the League, and this is what has happened in several cases. That the Council is not bound is shown by the result of the two Polish-German advisory opinions, in neither of which cases did the Council carry out the advisory opinion. In both of these cases, however, the Council made political agreements with Poland which denied to the winning parties, the German minorities, many of the safeguards which the advisory opinions were designed to afford them. Nor was Turkey "bound" by the advisory opinion in the Mosul case. Yet look at Turkey and note what has happened.

In the Mosul opinion Turkey declined to be represented. Nevertheless, the advisory opinion was rendered and all the reservations to the effect that Turkey was "not bound" by the opinion were utterly futile. Turkey was deprived of Mosul, notwithstanding the report of the committee of jurists that Mosul was under Turkish sovereignty and could not be detached, therefore, without Turkish consent. It is well known that Curzon made a definite promise to the Turks that Mosul would not be dealt with except by unanimous vote of the Council on which Turkey was to be represented. It was on this understanding that Article 3 of the Lausanne Treaty was signed. The Council has the power, under the flexible provisions of Articles 12 to 16 of the Covenant, to have carried out Curzon's promise. (See *Foreign Affairs*, London, January, 1926, page 191.) The Turks subsequently found, through the aid of the Court, that Curzon could not make such a promise. The Court tells Turkey that it did not rely on Curzon's promise, notwithstanding Turkey's insistence that it did.

The Court speaks in the Mosul opinion about "the prestige of the League of Nations" having to be preserved. This does not seem very judicial. Moreover, in a litigated case, the statute of the Court provides that a non-member state shall be represented on the Court *ad hoc* by a judge of its own nationality. Had the Mosul question, therefore, been a litigated case, Turkey would have had a judge on the Court. By converting a litigated case into a request for an advisory opinion made by the Council upon the Court, even an opinion as to the Council's own power, this safeguard of nations unwilling to litigate is destroyed.

The Court refers to the fact that on the Council Turkey could not be represented nor Britain either, because they would be judges in their own case. But it will be observed that Lord Finlay was a judge on the Court that rendered the advisory opinion and Turkey had no representative on that Court. Thus, by converting the question into a request for an advisory opinion, Turkey's safeguard of representation on the Court that rendered the decision is destroyed.

It may be proper to remark that the Council of the League of Nations, as appeared in the Official Journal of November, 1923, pages 1335-1337, 1501-1502, censured the Court in the Eastern Carelia case for its refusal to give the advisory opinion requested in that case involving Russia, although Russia was not represented. Only the strenuous efforts of some of the judges prevented what would have been a disastrous step, for not taking which Judge Bustamante in his recent book still criticizes the Court—wrongly, in our estimation.

The Senate reservation, if accepted, will materially weaken the Council's power over the Court and prevent the abuse of the advisory opinion practice so as to obtain control over nations unwilling to litigate or to consent to such opinions. It reads:

> That the Court shall not render any advisory opinion, except publicly after due notice to all states adhering to the Court and to all interested states, and after public hearing, or opportunity for hearing, given to any state concerned; nor shall it, without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest.

Thus the Court is relieved of embarrassment and political danger to its life by avoiding requests for opinions in secret, for which there was some sympathy in the Court, and probably for decisions over absent or unwilling nations. If the reservation is accepted, which is not yet certain, an opinion like that in the Mosul case may become very rare. All states "concerned" in an opinion must be heard or given an opportunity to be heard in public before an opinion can be rendered. The meaning of "opportunity for hearing" will have to be worked out by the Court and by public opinion. This is a help to small states over whom the Council would seek to exert political control. It is doubtful who is the judge of whether a country is "concerned"—the Council or the nation giving notice of its concern.

There is no doubt, however, that the United States is the judge of whether it "claims an interest," and our mere assertion of such interest, without our express consent that an opinion be given, will bar the Court's jurisdiction over practically every question affecting the American continent, north or south, and possibly over other questions. This reservation materially weakens the power of the League in the Americas at least, and constitutes a victory for Senator Borah's contentions. Will all members of the League and Court protocol accept the reservation? Will Argentina, Brazil, and Chile? The answer is doubtful. If the larger European Powers accept, it will probably be an important indication that they are willing to make large concessions for our further approach to their political enterprises—for few seriously expect us to submit a case to the Court.

The reservations open up a large vista of disputed and doubtful questions which will need the interpretation of more than one judicial and political body. Neither the World Court nor the Senate reservations constitute serious steps in the direction of world peace.

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Our Naval and Army Waste

ON one day, February 16, the two houses of Congress voted appropriations of no less than $660,925,940 for national defense. Of this vast amount $339,300,000 was in the army bill, which was passed by the House without a record vote. In the Senate the navy bill, containing $321,495,940, slipped through easily. On the same day it was announced that the House Naval Committee had agreed to a five-year naval aviation program, costing $100,000,000, to be expended at the rate of $20,000,000 a year. With this sum we are to build two dirigibles, each three times the size of the ill-fated Shenandoah; a metal-clad dirigible; and one thousand new airplanes—all of this despite the fact that no progress whatsoever has been made in remedying the conditions in the army and navy brought out by General Mitchell and other reliable witnesses. We are going ahead trusting the expenditure of this vast sum to the same people who have shown their incompetence, with the inevitable result that we shall have extremely little to produce for the expenditures and shall probably see the three dirigibles go out of business as rapidly as did the Shenandoah.

Since 1885 the United States has spent no less than eight billions of dollars upon its navy alone. For the fiscal year 1923 the appropriations were $322,532,908; for 1926 they fell to $317,000,000, and for 1927 they have again gone up $4,500,000. The Senate restored to the bill two items, aggregating $9,000,000, for new airplanes and aircraft equipment, and for continuing the Lakehurst air station, which had been struck out by the House. In the navy, therefore, the Coolidge policy of economy will have resulted in decreased appropriations of $1,500,000 over 1923. If to this is annually added the $20,000,000 recommended by the House Naval Committee we shall be spending about $19,000,000 a year more on our navy.

Not the least discouraging feature is that so vast an appropriation as that of the army bill can be jammed through the House without adequate discussion or analysis. We are particularly disappointed that the Progressive group in the House did not at least offer an amendment putting a definite limit on the number of reserve officers and forbidding the use of regular army officers or men in the high schools of the country. The fact is that there are now approximately 90,000 reserve officers who have been commissioned since the war. If the War Department continues its policy of commissioning them without limit there will soon be more reserve officers than there are soldiers and officers in the entire regular army. Since these reserve officers are not paid and have to purchase their own equipment Congress has not interfered. The result is that the General Staff is building up in these officers another military machine which is already exerting pressure on Congress for larger and larger appropriations. Congressmen and Senators who dare to speak out against our drifting into old-fashioned German militarism find themselves assailed by letters from reserve officers throughout their States. The effort of the War Department to muzzle those reserve officers who happen to have liberal opinions was brought out in the case of Captain Paxton Hibben. Press dispatches stated after the first mobilization day that it was the intention of the War Department to place one reserve officer in every community as a center of militaristic and nationalistic propaganda hidden under the name of patriotism. Where is this Prussianization to stop?

But this is not the only subject into which both House and Senate ought to delve before passing such an appropriation bill. The army itself is scandalously over-officered, while its regiments are depleted and many of its companies are nothing less than a corporal's guard, partly because of the effort to keep in existence so many regimental organizations and because of the evil of detached duties. The entire service is discouraged by the present management, and some of the best officers, like two of the world fliers, are quitting the service. More would go if they could find opportunities outside. Yet we have a huge list of generals and colonels and we are actually able to detach no fewer than 768 officers for teaching at colleges and schools. Most of the training given by these officers is absolutely worthless from the strictly military point of view. It is their military propaganda which the War Department values. Since the ablest gymnastic instructors in the country are agreed on the worthlessness of two drills a week from the physical point of view, Congress ought to abolish the whole thing. But Congress does just what the War Department asks, and this in the face of the fact that the majority's President, Mr. Calvin Coolidge, in his speech before the American Legion on October 6, declared that "no nation ever had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace or to insure its victory in time of war," and asserted that everyone knew that the old military systems and "reliance on force have failed." Yet we go ahead squandering half billions on force. And the practice goes on because nobody or no group in Congress is determined to call a halt or study this question of defense intelligently.

Henry Holt

NOT the least impressive thing about Henry Holt in his old age was his physical appearance. It has been said of him that his carriage and his countenance seemed in themselves sufficient support for the notion that "there were giants in those days." Straight and benign, he walked Fifth Avenue or the carpets of the Authors' Club with an erect air and a commanding eye. The face beneath the high gray hair was the face of one who had met many ideas and many men and had not been daunted. It was a huge face, such as one looks for in great persons, and latterly it was a cavernous one—dark eyes set deep under a powerful brow, massive surfaces accentuated by sharply intrenched lines, and a firm though kindly mouth and chin. He lived as he liked, rising late after long evenings spent in conversation with chosen friends. He was a good talker, one who in the capacity of publisher had done a great deal more than sign contracts and pay royalties; and the complaint was not infrequently heard from wives of much younger men that Mr. Holt had kept these companions too long at the table or in the depths of leather chairs at the club.

His circle of friends was one of the most distinguished which a man in his day could have had. There was John Hay; there was the geologist, Clarence King; there was Raphael Pumpelly; there was E. L. Godkin; there was W. P. Trent; and there was Henry Adams. Henry Adams, sending the manuscript of his anonymous novel "Democracy" to Mr. Holt in 1879, trusted his friend to keep silent concerning its authorship, and the trust was not betrayed.

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One of the last things written by Mr. Holt was a preface to a new edition of "Democracy," in which the circumstances attending its publication and reception were detailed. All that is interesting, but another portion of the same preface is more interesting still:

> There is no disguising the fact that . . . the quality of those books produced today is so far short of satisfying the demand for the best that readers of good judgment are noticeably turning to the literature of earlier and happier ages. . . . Of course, there are many causes for the limited literary production of our age, as there are for everything else, but perhaps the most noticeable is the fact that, whereas in the great Victorian era, which spread over our country as well as over England—in the days of Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Holmes, Irving, and their compeers—it was thought a little *infra dig.* for a college graduate to go into business, and now if one does not go into a business a majority of his companions consider him a fool; in other words, most men, including those possessing the acutest minds, are bent on money-making, and very few on anything else. Many a respectable old institution has more students of cookery, housekeeping, and farming . . . than of the humanities, on a familiarity with which the production of good literature largely depends.

If such a passage stamps its author as Victorian, the kind of Victorianism displayed is not the kind of which one wishes to make light. Mr. Holt seems to have been wrong about the literature of the twentieth century, which certainly is not a limited literature; and doubtless he never fully comprehended the extent of Henry Adams's pessimism concerning those "earlier and happier ages." Doubtless, too, he did not take great pains to understand the efforts made during his latter years by such brilliant youths as Randolph Bourne to fashion a new culture based upon the data of industry and intellect and engineering. But such failures are excusable in a man so old, and particularly in a man who had served so well a great though passing tradition. Mr. Holt had done enough when he embraced the classic liberalism of his own century, and when, through John Fiske and Herbert Spencer, he accepted the best scientific thought available in the eighties to an educated person. Hence the record achieved by his house in the publication of scientific books, and hence, later on, the picturesque journal which Mr. Holt, between his seventy-fourth and his eightieth years, conducted in an effort to restore dignity and balance to the discussion of fundamental themes. The *Unpartizan Review*, which went its way several years ago, is more fitting as a monument to the closing period of Mr. Holt's life than are the two large volumes of his treatise on "The Cosmic Relations." These researches into immortality and things psychical might emphasize the will of a leonine man who did not want his personality to die; but they were far from John Fiske, and they were infinitely out of harmony with Henry Adams.

The chief distinction of Mr. Holt, after all, was that he was an educated publisher. There have never been many of his kind, and there are none too many now. A good publisher will be a good business man, and Henry Holt was that; but in addition he will possess a disinterested love of wisdom and good literature, will know how to talk more than gossip with his best authors, and will be capable of some degree of authorship himself. American publishing was never in a more enlightened or flourishing state than it is at present. Its state would be something like perfect if all of its representatives were equipped as was Henry Holt.

A Handbook for Rebels

TWO things are necessary for the complete revolutionary: a belief, utter and profound and unquestioning, in the cause he fights for and a total unconcern about his personal welfare. A keen mind is useful, and a sharp tongue. A sense of humor is an asset—seldom found, to be sure, in combination with these other qualities—and a philosophical turn of mind is almost essential. But belief and courage are absolute requirements.

An example for revolutionaries of all ages is to be found in the chronicles of the early Quakers, a group of rebels whose daring and impudence and utter devotion have never been outdone in all history. Their story, vividly told by Mary Agnes Best in "Rebel Saints"* (chapters of which appeared originally in *The Nation*), is one of blood-chilling adventure. As she says in her first chapter:

> Their lives were lurid. . . . They sailed the Seven Seas in leaky tubs, and ran afoul the Algerian pirates before Commodore Decatur was born or thought of. . . . In Old and New England vivisection was practiced on them—tortures too brutal to repeat to sensitive modern ears. They glutted English jails, and the convict ships on which they were deported afforded them hardly more than standing-room only.

Such was their life—their inevitable, day-by-day existence. No Russian worker on the barricades faced more certain suffering or faced it with a higher heart. And their cause was in their day quite as revolutionary as his was in 1905. They opposed the church which was everywhere synonymous with authority and the established order. They opposed the Puritans in England under Cromwell and in Massachusetts under Endicott. They opposed the Church of England under the Restoration. They faced the Catholic inquisition and argued with the Mohammedan Turks. Wherever they went—and they went everywhere—they preached the right of the individual to worship God in his own way. And this was sedition. It was sedition because religion was a matter of law; and it was sedition because, as is always the case, this one form of radicalism begot others. The individual man was in the eyes of God as good as his neighbor and, for that matter, as good as his master. From this simple Christian doctrine sprang dangerous beliefs of all sorts: equality between the sexes was taught and practiced; all gestures and forms of address intimating respect for rank or age or authority were abandoned; war, or the taking of life for any reason, was discountenanced; the laws of the state themselves were laughed at when they lacked the support of conscience.

Naturally, the whole system of society stiffened itself against a faith which would cheerfully have knocked its props out from under it in the name of the Lord. The Quakers were tortured and killed—and feared. On their side they combined with a habit of reckless daring a method of absolute non-resistance, for the essence of their revolution would have been lost if they had used the weapons which they ever sought to destroy. But their propaganda widened the actual area of individual liberty and established in men's minds an ideal of justice yet to be achieved. And their method—peaceful and persuasive, but stubborn and irreverent and careless of death—might well be adopted by rebels of all breeds as a model of revolutionary technique.

* Harcourt, Brace and Company, $3.

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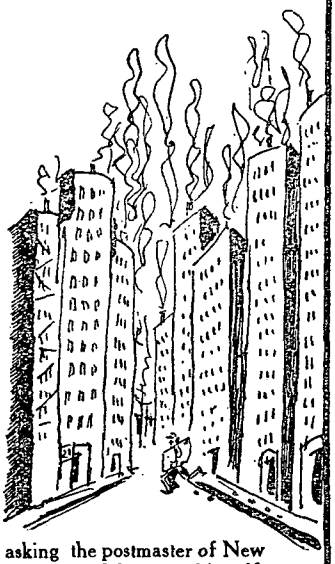
The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.

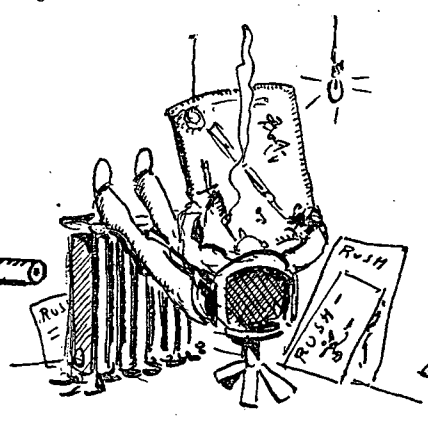
THIS JOB is not as easy as it seems and is full of heartbreaks;

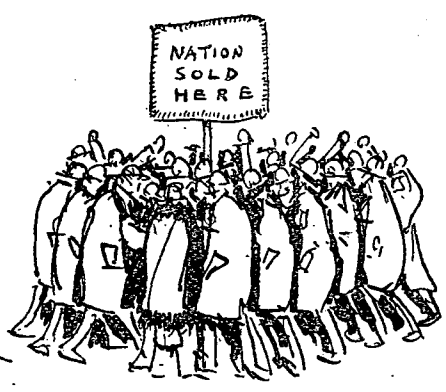
for, after you have read the papers all week long to make a witty picture,

and have courted triple pneumonia to get it to *The Nation* on time,

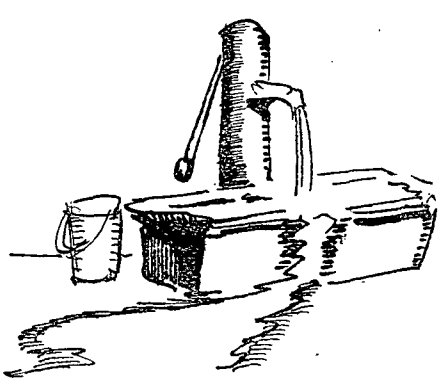


asking the postmaster of New York to deliver it himself,

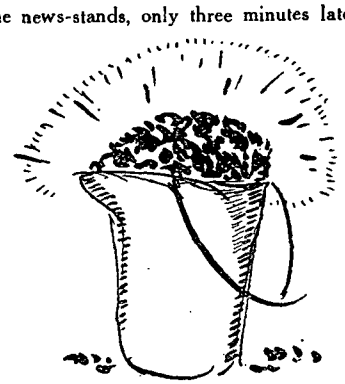




and have got it past the Editorial Board and then through the lithographer's shop and finally on the news-stands, only three minutes late,



you usually discover that your joke about prohibition was that very morning quite killed by Bishop Manning and that your wit about the coal strike is now as useless as the stuff your coal dealer sold you last week for "real anthracite."



WHEREFORE I have decided to give up studying the local press for reliable information about the future; and henceforth I shall fill this page only after consultation with New York's 79,537 spook doctors and soothsayers. Watch for results. [*Signed*] HENDRIK VAN LOON

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Benito and I Save the St. Paul

A Stirring Chapter in International High Finance

By WILLIAM HARD

Washington, February 17

THE trouble with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company is that it owes $55,000,000 to the United States Government and has to pay 6 per cent annually on it. This comes out at $3,300,000 annually.

My accounting department has figured out that the interest which the St. Paul pays the Government is 15.11 per cent of its annual fixed charges. If we can get rid of this difficulty we shall be well on our way to getting the St. Paul out of bankruptcy and out of the hands of receivers.

I have seen how it can be done.

My first step is that I shall sell the St. Paul to Benito Mussolini. He is the man who has the big drag with the American Government. His policies endear him to the American Government. On behalf of his other property, Italy, he has been able to get most advantageous terms from the American Government. I shall sell the St. Paul to him.

In the meantime, at Rome, I shall have explained to him the St. Paul's "capacity to pay." This is like numerous other phrases in diplomacy; and it, therefore, means incapacity to pay. One of the greatest permanent assets that a country can now have is a temporary incapacity to pay. When I explain to Mussolini the St. Paul's incapacity to pay, he will at once see what a valuable property it is, if owned by a European government.

I will then organize a St. Paul Debt Funding Commission. When certain of our American States repudiated some of their debts they called it adjusting them. That was a poor word. It indirectly implied some reduction. Funding is a much nobler word, and more diplomatic. It implies that you will pay all you owe, and yet you don't. It is in the highest traditions of diplomacy. It says the maximum and comes across with the minimum.

So I shall have a St. Paul Debt Funding Commission. But I shall then put in the word which will turn the trick. I shall call it—and it will be—the Italian St. Paul Debt Funding Commission.

I shall sail from Genoa. What notice would be taken of me if I started from Minneapolis? None. So I shall start from Genoa. I shall have with me numerous titled personages. One of the present difficulties of the St. Paul is that it has no counts or princes. I shall bring counts and princes in profusion.

As I leave Genoa on the Benito Caesare, I shall send out a radio saying that complete proofs of the St. Paul's incapacity to pay are lying in the hold of the ship, all written out in the Italian language. They never were convincing in English to our Treasury Department. But you ought to see them in Italian! In Italian they are an absolute knock-out. Bankruptcy in English leaves you cold. Bankruptcy in any foreign language makes any American official break down and cry.

I shall arrive in New York. There I will consent to attend a lunch given by the organization called the American Friends of St. Paul Irredenta. At this lunch I shall make a speech. In my peroration I shall say:

> The world is now one. The age of isolation has passed. Everybody now has a right to live off everybody else. In the days of ox-carts you had to pay your debts. Now you can go across the Atlantic in five days. This makes everything different. Now the prosperity of one is the prosperity of all. Nothing reduces anybody's prosperity like paying debts. So the paying of any debt by anybody is a direct attack on the prosperity of everybody else. What we must seek is a free world, free from all those discordant notes which till now have made the whole human race look forward with terror and demoralization to the first of the next month. That is what we must seek, and to that great and lofty cause I here and now dedicate the whole remainder of my life.

Cheered by the applause which this speech will elicit, I shall proceed to Washington. There I shall be photographed on the steps of the Treasury with Mr. Mellon. No previous emissary from the St. Paul has ever been photographed on the steps of the Treasury with Mr. Mellon. But I shall come from Genoa.

Also there will be dinner parties given for me by the charmingest hostesses in Washington. They paid no attention to the woes of the St. Paul when forwarded to Washington from Minnesota. I will succeed in pouring into their ears all the woes of the St. Paul through my counts and princes from the Eternal City. Thus also, in talk after dinner, I shall for the first time get the woes of the St. Paul fully into the minds and pens of this country's most distinguished political writers. I shall for the first time make the St. Paul fashionable. I shall then approach Mr. Mellon and say:

"I suggest that the St. Paul pay its $55,000,000 over a period of sixty-two years and that, instead of paying 6 per cent all the time, it pay no per cent at all during the first five years, and then one-eighth of one per cent during the next ten years, and then one-fourth of one per cent during the next ten years, and so on, until we come to the last seven years of the sixty-two-year period, when actually the St. Paul will pay 2 per cent."

"Why such terms?" Mr. Mellon will say.

"Why?" I will rejoin indignantly. "Why, because you gave those terms to Benito last time; and this time, with the St. Paul, he is much more bankrupt than he ever was with Italy."

"Certainly," Mr. Mellon will say. "I catch the point. What you demand is bare justice. You shall have it."

I will then give out an interview proclaiming Mr. Mellon's victory.

My accounting department has figured out what I shall thus save to the St. Paul by getting for it the justice that has been accorded to Italy. I shall save for it $3,300,000 in each of the next five years and from approximately $2,500,000 to $2,000,000 in each of the remaining fifty-seven of the fixed sixty-two-year period.

Mussolini and I will then take a modest tip of $5,000,000 apiece for our services; and I will then sell the St. Paul back to its original owners. I will sell it back com-

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pletely restored financially and completely ready to confer abounding prosperity upon the great Northwest. By merely Italianating this railroad for a short space of time, I shall have solved the greatest industrial economic problem in America.

The president of the St. Paul, under my directions, will then do his best to imitate Mussolini in every way. He will take a reasonable part of the money which Mussolini and I have saved for him and will spend it on buying black shirts for his toughest employees and on giving castor oil to Senator Frazier of North Dakota and on assassinating Senator Shipstead of Minnesota.

As for me, I shall take my $5,000,000 and lend it to the St. Paul at 8 per cent. If Mussolini can pay real interest rates to Morgan and Company after being rescued by Mr. Mellon, the St. Paul can pay real interest rates to me after being rescued by me.

Then Dwight Morrow will ask to leave Morgan and Company and join me. Then I will dine with the President any time. So everything will all work out in a beautiful circle, and the St. Paul will be in as high society as if it were a foreign government, and the farmers of the Northwest will be happy, and I shall be fixed for life.

The only way to get ahead in this world is by lending a helping hand. The only way to climb upward in this modern changed world is by self-sacrifice. Just a little self-sacrifice by the tax-payers of the United States will make the St. Paul solvent and me rich and themselves prosperous.

Is there any catch in this argument? Where is it? I defy any really modern thinker to find it.

The Battle of Jackson's Hole

By STRUTHERS BURT

IN the extreme western part of the State of Wyoming, forty miles south of the southern border of Yellowstone Park and on the western slope of the Continental Divide, is a mountain valley, sixty miles long by fifteen wide, that is not only one of the most beautiful in the world but which, somewhat to its own surprise, is suddenly finding itself famous as well. For scenery it has always been famous: to the west are the Tetons, the finest mountains in America, not even barring the Canadian mountains; in the thick timber, north, east, west, and south, are a score of gem-like lakes—Owen Wister and Theodore Roosevelt have both spoken of this country as the loveliest Far Western country we have; for big game it has long been equally famous, as it is the home of the biggest elk herd in existence, somewhere around twenty thousand head, not to mention quantities of other game; but only recently has it begun to emerge as the battleground of two opposing philosophies, the field upon which will be fought the first serious conflict concerning one of the most pressing questions now confronting the American public.

The question is conservation, and its concrete aspect, in regard to the valley, is whether Yellowstone Park shall extend its southern borders so as to take in the Teton Range and its southeastern borders, so as to include the headwaters of the Yellowstone River and what is known as the Thoroughfare Country, the mountainous country, ridden by the Continental Divide, through which run the trails leading from Jackson's Hole to the South Fork of the Shoshone River and Cody. Both are comparatively small territories, as such things go in the Far West, and territories with practically no settlement on them.

This is no new question. Yellowstone Park has always wanted these additions and the incorporation of the Teton Range with the park has been recommended for years, notably by Mr. Roosevelt while President. The reasons advanced by the National Parks Service are clear and sensible, but to understand them fully one must bear in mind the history of Yellowstone Park itself.

Yellowstone Park was the first park planned, and the heroic little band of men who explored it and decided that it must be made a ward of the Government were exploring unknown and unsurveyed country. As a result they suggested an arbitrary oblong that did not take into account several things: first, that the Tetons were a natural part of the park and supplied a grandeur of scenery otherwise lacking save in the canyon of the Yellowstone River; second, that the headwaters of the Yellowstone River were also a natural part of the park; and third, that since the park is a reservation and must be protected, its lines, wherever possible, should follow the top of a divide and thus simplify the heartbreaking work of the park rangers in heavy snow. At present the rangers face an almost impossible task, as the arbitrary lines take no account of canyons or swamps or impassable country, and all along the eastern border of the park and to some extent along the southern there are wedges, similar to those known in military strategy, where poachers can work practically at their own sweet will. Other reasons arose later. For instance, the headwaters of the Yellowstone are the breeding grounds of a special species of moose, and it is history that whenever these moose begin to get a really good start the State of Wyoming opens the hunting season on them and issues a certain number of bull licenses. Anyone who knows the country knows that it is populated most of the time by widowed cows.

These arguments, and many more, are so irrefutable and pressing that there would seem to be no two sides to the question until—as is always the case—the arguments of the other side are studied. Here a curious shift in ground is noticeable, and it is this that makes the problem no longer merely a local one but one of perpetual and spreading importance.

When, directly after the war, the proposed addition to Yellowstone Park—"park extension" it is now called—began to be vigorously pushed the strongest opposition came from Wyoming cattlemen and sheepmen, who saw a possible future range being taken from them, from the Forest Service, under whose control the land was, and from the State administration, which was jealous of federal encroachment. As time went on the opposition of the first group and of the State was seen to be largely fictitious. All the land under debate was already in the hands of the Forest Service, it did not belong to the State of Wyoming and never would, it had never been open to grazing and never would be. The presentation of these facts, however, did not in any degree abate the ardor of the enemies of the

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plan. Through various permutations, through a process of elimination, they fell back upon what from the beginning had been their main objection, an inherent dislike of federal control and an inherent hatred of any interference with individual action—prejudices well understood and sympathized with by any native or adopted Westerner, but not always to be recommended without further consideration. The fact that the Forest Service already controlled the land made no difference; the enemies of the new plan were used to the Forest Service and by its very nature they could do more with it than they could with this new government bureau—the National Parks Service—whose objects, in so many ways, were different.

And there, whether the adherents and opponents of park extension know it or not, the question rests today. It is no longer an argument whether Yellowstone Park should logically increase its territory and rectify its borders, it has come to be an argument whether conservation itself shall be hampered or, even more, done away with. It is the truth that never before in its history, save at the beginning, has the whole theory of conservation been in such danger as it is at this moment. Anyone with knowledge knows this by reading between the lines of the proposed congressional investigation of all government lands. The attack has been gathering strength for some time; it is powerful, subtle, and dangerous.

Roughly speaking, the opposing forces line up as follows: In favor of park extension are probably 40 per cent of the inhabitants of the valley and 40 per cent of the rest of Wyoming and the Far West. Behind them is practically all the conservation sentiment throughout the country: all game and protective societies, all magazines and newspapers whose editorial policies permit of idealism, and every individual, in Congress or out, whose attention has been called to the question and who, provided his mind has not already been determined by other reasons, realizes the deeper import. Opposed to park extension are most of the Far Western congressional delegations, probably 60 per cent in the valley, the State, and the remainder of the Rocky Mountain region, all Far Western sentiment of the "booster" variety, and much Far Western sentiment of the "leave-us-alone" variety. But not all of the last—not by any means.

The "old timer" is a thinker and he is where he is because he dislikes crowds, especially when ill-regulated, and because in a way he is an idealist. To put his position simply, he would much prefer no government interference whatsoever, but having for a number of years watched with increasing alarm the selfish, destructive, frequently idiotic advance of so-called civilization he is frequently not averse to employing any means to save at least a few of the more dramatic localities with which he is familiar. He is a rough-and-ready economist and an experienced man, and all the pamphlets in the world, State, government, or from local chambers of commerce, cannot prove to him certain things he knows to be false. He knows, for instance, that the Far West is a large and thinly settled country, and that most of it will remain so, and he knows that many parts of it have just three assets, and some parts only the two latter—grazing, scenery, and game. He knows that none of these thrive except where population is intelligently limited. He has seen the farmer come and be ruined, and, while ruining himself, ruin the natural wealth of the locality where he has settled; and he has arrived at the conclusion that if man individually cannot behave himself sensibly then the government had better help him.

As to the inhabitants of the valley—and what they think is most important, since Congress would not act except on the assumption that at least a strong minority was in favor of extension—sentiment is so mixed and the causes for this mixed sentiment so varied that it is difficult to describe it adequately. It is safe to say, however, that the majority are in the position of the "old timer" elsewhere—most of them are "old timers," most of them are idealists. The object, therefore, of most of them is to save the country they love. There is little disagreement fundamentally, the disagreement arises as to method.

Personal points of view are frequently forcible arguments. Let me give my own experience, since I have been a resident of the valley for seventeen years. In the beginning I was bitterly opposed to park extension and remained so for some time. The country was getting along fairly well as it was and, being by adoption and sympathy a Far Westerner, I wanted just as little control as possible. Besides, I did not know anything about the National Parks Service and I had heard a good many untruths concerning its autocratic and repressive measures. That was about seven years ago. Meantime I watched my country and the advent of the automobile alone would have changed my mind even if half a dozen other factors had not been at work.

I saw this: I saw my country attacked by every known variety of water-power man, land-scheme man, and ruthless get-rich-quick man; I saw its natural and priceless assets sneered at and held in contempt, and stupid attempts made to level it down, of course unsuccessfully, but none the less destructively, to the common denominator of other countries utterly different in altitude and situation. I saw, each year, the increasing hordes of automobile tourists sweep the country like locusts and the gradual opening up of everything to them without the slightest perception of their own best interests or the realization that there existed other and equally important philosophies and vital, fundamental human desires. In short, I saw at work the old American passion for killing the goose, both spiritual and physical, that lays the golden eggs. The motorist alone was coming into the country because of its beauty and its peace, and yet everything was being done to destroy the very things for which the motorist was coming.

And while this was going on I was watching north of me, and more and more intimately, a government bureau at work on practically the same problems, and the more I watched this government bureau the more I came to the conclusion that, within its province, and with the exception of the Forest Service, it was the wisest, most far-seeing, fairest, most courteous, and unselfish branch of the Government I had ever seen; and, moreover, that it was not so hampered as the Forest Service; in short, it was the only branch of the Government, dealing with natural resources, that could take into account the wishes and necessities of every man.

Conservation is a large word and an ugly one, and, like all words, it was invented after the fact and not before it. As it is used in this article it first came into common practice about two decades ago when a number of disinterested men, led by Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot, began to see that a century and a half of wild and selfish expenditure of natural resources had come to an end

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and that this expenditure must be guarded and regulated if America was to remain America and not eventually become China. But the idea of conservation has been in the human mind ever since the first man saw another man come up over a hill, and as population has grown the idea has become more and more clearly indicated. It has two sides: first, the necessity of conserving natural resources; second, man's belief, conscious or otherwise, that space, solitude, and fresh air, at least for part of the time, are necessary to produce men and women somewhere near his ideal.

Now, there are just two ways of preserving natural resources and the necessary space that man must have. They can be preserved aristocratically or they can be preserved democratically. If left to itself any forest will in time find itself non-existent, as are the forests of Syria today, and although solitude and space will come back they will be the solitude and space of a desert. In Europe this problem was settled, without any conscious thought or program, by the process whereby the powerful seized all the space and natural resources they wanted and the weak received none at all. The result, even physically, upon the population is easily seen. The upper classes of Europe are often magnificent physically; the lower classes are sometimes—especially in England—almost dehumanized. But, whatever we may think of the rights or wrongs of a certain situation, in America problems have to be settled democratically; and the problem of conservation, therefore, will have to be settled by government bureaus.

To settle the first half of the conservation problem, the half having to do with the preservation of natural resources, the Forest Service was organized. At the time it occurred to no one that within a few decades the population would so increase and invention would so hasten its movements that the second half of the problem, the question of solitude, space, and fresh air, would speedily become a pressing question too; but a pressing question it has become and to meet it—to take over what intervals of solitude, space, and fresh air had already been set aside and to plan for new ones—the National Parks Service was also formed. Between these two bureaus much of the history of the Far West must be written.

The Forest Service has had a magnificent record. Organized just in time, encountering at first bitter opposition, it saved the Far West, and today the Far West is unanimously its friend. But it is a "use" bureau. It was founded as a "use" bureau and it can never be anything else. In other words, any man who has a legitimate scheme —taking into account, of course, individual discretion on the part of the local supervisor—can put that scheme into operation on a forest reserve provided that he obeys the rules. "Individual discretion," naturally, is wide, but the Forest Service cannot refuse a legitimate petition and remain completely legitimate itself. It cannot, therefore, meet the second problem of conservation at all, the problem that has suddenly become as important as the first one, the problem that becomes each year more compelling as the pressure of life and population increases. Nor does this apply only to the Far West. Wherever there is any great scenic beauty and local conditions make such a step possible, this scenic beauty should be set aside and administered for the good of the people. This is not sentiment; it is common sense and good business and—a very encouraging advance—it is not challenged today by any but selfish interests. Most of the land now controlled by the Government should be, and always will be, administered by the Forest Service. It should be administered, that is, as an intelligent business scheme. But some of the land, and a great deal of land not yet in government control, should be set aside to meet the growing needs of the other half of the conservation problem and should be administered by a bureau that is purely recreational in its intent. This recreational urge, this desire and need for solitude, space, and fresh air, cannot be assuaged solely by scenery or even by unoccupied land; it must be assuaged by scenery that is just as nature meant it to be and by land that is untouched by sawmill or water-power plant or the dust of herds of sheep.

Needs are needs long before they are recognized as such. There was need for the Forest Service years before it was organized, and at first, as has been said, its path was a rocky one. The National Parks Service is still young and in many ways its history is duplicating that of its older sister. Millions of Americans, although in their secret hearts they know better, are not yet quite willing to admit that scenery in itself is a business asset, that solitude is a necessity, or that land is good for anything but to grow crops—trees, grain, or hay—that can be cut down. Fortunately, there are millions of other men more advanced in their theories, and especially fortunate is the excellent feeling existing between the Forest Service and the National Parks Service, a feeling that has always been good, but which is now warmer than ever on account of what is known as a common danger.

Because of this common danger and because men realize with dismay a world that is becoming hourly more noisy and hasty and destructive, the eyes of all those interested in conservation are today turning toward this small mountain valley—this Jackson's Hole—where one of the first decisive battles of conservation will be fought out.

Body Beleaguered

By JESSICA NELSON NORTH

Temple of God, in vain despoilers sought you
In that far house where pleasure was your master,
Before the image of an old disaster
Sped us abroad.

See to how stark a hiding I have brought you,
Footweary of your weight,
Divinest freight.

Here in our doubtful stronghold of the rocks
We watch the torn sky graying
Toward the equinox,
While distant echoes with autumnal baying
Scare us to cover like a frightened fox.

Now sore beset
We share the portion of the starveling sparrow
Or, suppliant, crouch at the squirrel's board.
Oh farther yet
Into what meager fortress must I bear you,
Ark of my cloudy and diminished Lord?

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Negroes in College

By W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

THE trouble at Fisk University last year opened the eyes of many people. They realized that the problems of higher education were by no means confined to white students. Here was a Negro college where the students not only had no voice in their own government but could not edit a college paper, could not have an athletic association, and could not have any organization without faculty participation. And when the students openly rebelled, they were expelled and some of them put in jail. Since then Fisk University has cleaned house. The former president and most of the faculty have gone and the trustees are trying to rebuild the institution on broader and better lines.

But the sort of difficulty that culminated in the trouble at Fisk is found in many other institutions and this is true notwithstanding the fact that the American Negro is striving for higher education as never before. In the school year 1924-1925, 752 Negroes received their first degree in arts, 44 were made masters in arts, 4 received their doctorates in philosophy and science, and 6 were elected to the Phi Beta Kappa; while 395 received professional degrees. But this represents a minimum, accomplished through great difficulty and discouragement and is not half or perhaps a third of what the American Negro could and would do today if properly encouraged.

We may divide the institutions which educate Negroes into three classes: those which are taught mainly by whites but attended only by Negro students; those which are taught mainly by Negroes and are attended by Negroes; and the general educational institutions of the land. In all these there is today more or less ferment concerning policies and objects as far as Negroes are concerned.

The largest Negro university in the United States is Howard at Washington. The board of trustees of Howard held a special meeting December 10. Representatives of the General Alumni Association appeared before them and demanded the dismissal of J. Stanley Durkee, the white president of the institution. The trustees refused to dismiss him and bore testimony "to our confidence in President Durkee's character and purpose." The charges against Dr. Durkee as voiced by the General Alumni Association fall under the following heads: First, almost total lack of social contact between the white president on the one hand and colored professors and colored students on the other. Second, the attempted dismissal or forced resignation of the leading colored professors including Kelly Miller, the best-known Howard alumnus; George William Cook, who has been with the institution fifty years; C. G. Woodson, a Harvard doctor of philosophy; T. W. Turner, a Cornell doctor of philosophy, and many others. Third, personal disrespect toward colored professors; calling one "a contemptible puppy," kicking another out of his office. Fourth, as the Howard Welfare League has written: "The spirit of education has departed from Howard. Visiting the institution today, the investigator discovers a system of espionage. This is operated to defend an administrative corps which, having no fixed policy, is subject to frequent attacks by the instructors disposed to preserve the traditions of education. The system is financed by personal preferment chiefly in the form of university patronage."

The board of trustees and the friends of the president declare that the alumni have not proved their allegations; of this the public is not in a position to judge. But certain it is that there is violent unrest at Howard and has been for the last five years. It culminated last year in a student strike and in a special meeting of the alumni during the summer at which the president was violently denounced.

Turning now from Howard, we find trouble at Lincoln in the southeastern part of Pennsylvania, an old Presbyterian school which has trained an unusually large number of colored men. Lincoln has never had a colored professor and never had a colored member on its board of trustees. For a long time it had no colored teachers. Then it began to appoint colored tutors and assistants and it even promised to allow representation of the alumni on the board of trustees. This has never taken place; and while the alumni from time to time have protested, they did not want to make trouble as long as the old regime of teachers stayed. When a new president was to be appointed the alumni insisted upon a voice. And then came the kind of thing which faces Negro education whenever it demands freedom. The white Presbyterians practically said: "We are furnishing the money for this school and we are going to run it as we see fit. It is none of your business whom we make president. If you don't like this kind of thing, support your own education." Not, of course, that they put the matter as bluntly as this but this is what they meant and it was this attitude which made the alumni hesitate. The trustees have nominated two successive candidates for the presidency. The first refused to accept when he heard of the opposition of the alumni. The second is considering the matter.

It is extraordinary that in schools like Howard and Lincoln it should be assumed that the parents of the students and the graduates of the school have no right to a voice in the policies of the school. Imagine such a stand at Harvard or at Yale! And does the fact that Harvard and Yale graduates are rich and able largely to support their colleges while Howard and Lincoln graduates are poor, create the wide difference in the attitude of the universities?

That the threat of withdrawal of support is no idle threat is shown by the situation at Atlanta University. Atlanta University has a distinguished past. It has had white teachers of eminence and learning. But because it was furthest down on the color-line frontier, it was compelled to take, from the beginning, a strong hand. It refused to close its doors to white students, it early gave the alumni representation on its board of trustees, it insisted upon social equality between the races within the walls of the institution. On the other hand, it held up high standards of scholarship, has always furnished a large proportion of the teachers in the higher public and private schools of the South, and was the first institution in this country to begin a scientific study of the Negro problem.

Despite this it has had a most difficult time in raising funds, and when recently Edward T. Ware, a young pro-

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gressive Yale man, became president of the institution he was given to understand by philanthropic agencies in the North, such as the General Education Board, that if Atlanta University would surrender some of its radicalism and conform to their notions of what a Negro institution should be they would support it. But the institution has continued to have a free atmosphere and the voice of the alumni in its conduct has been influential. The result is today that Atlanta University is starving to death. Unless liberal Americans come to its rescue it cannot continue to do the work which it has done so well in the past. And it is this kind of fate that deters the insurgents at Howard and at Lincoln.

On the other hand, at Hampton the opposite policy has been pursued. Hampton has prided itself on its friendliness to the South. It has yielded in the past to practically every demand that the South has made, and while the demands of Virginia have not been as impossible to comply with as those of Georgia yet they have made Hampton decry the higher education of Negroes, admit colored men to the faculty with some reluctance, and carry out a system of racial segregation upon its own campus which brought annoying problems.

Despite all this and in curious contradiction Hampton has been compelled to establish a college department. The Hampton graduates, who have been in great demand in Southern public schools because the South has assumed they will be more tractable than others, were often unable under the old Hampton curriculum to pass the examinations. As a result Hampton has not only enriched her high school but established certain college courses and now offers a bachelor's degree. At the same time the demands upon her on the part of the Bourbon South have increased, and during the days when she and Tuskegee are trying to raise adequate endowment the "Anglo-Saxon" clubs of Virginia are demanding more complete racial segregation and separation on the Hampton campus. This cannot be granted without stirring up trouble with the students and alumni.

Most people hearing of these difficulties in colored institutions with white teachers immediately leap to the conclusion that the cure for all this is colored teachers and colored presidents. There are cases where the substitution of a colored president for a white president has brought happy results. But a colored president is no certain panacea. If we look at the matter carefully we will see that it is the character of the man and not the color of the skin that makes for success or lack of success. As a general thing, in colored colleges with colored presidents there is also unrest and protest because, for the most part, such presidents have not had the opportunity of broad education and contact and they are peculiarly cramped in their activities and growth either by the white philanthropists who are helping their institutions or the white churches that are supporting them or the white State officials under whom they work.

At Wilberforce, for instance, we have a church school dominated by the resident African Methodist bishop on the one hand and by State politics on the other. The bishop is a man of limited education and his idea of an institution of learning is quite as narrow as the idea of any bigoted white bishop. He has made his son president and the result is that through political manipulation and church domination Wilberforce has never become a real seat of liberal education. It is provincial, narrow, and vindictive, without discipline or ideal; and no man of broad learning and forward-looking plans is able to stay there long.

Nor is this situation confined to Wilberforce. A young colored graduate of one of our great Northern institutions went to teach economics at a Southern Negro school with Negro teachers. He stayed a little over a year and resigned. He writes:

> You know the superstitions and orthodoxies by which even the so-called higher institutions among us are bound; and how skeptical administrators—white and black—view liberal thought among the faculty. A liberal on the faculty of the average Negro college usually succumbs to his orthodox environment or leaves the class in disgust. Were the liberal individual the only victim, the situation would not be worth such serious attention as some of us think necessary. The fact of the matter is that the cultural development of the Negro people is bound up inextricably with the life or death of liberalism in the various universities and colleges.

In Missouri an attempt was made to reorganize on broader lines Lincoln University, an institution founded by colored soldiers after the Civil War. A graduate of Atlanta University was made president and began the rebuilding. He had hardly started, however, when the politicians, colored and white, camped on his trail and but for the vote of the white State superintendent of education he would have been summarily dismissed this year without a hearing. The action of the State superintendent delayed the matter and black Missouri protested so vehemently that Nathan Young is still working at his difficult job.

Let us turn now from the Negro colleges to the white colleges. Throughout the South and, with one or two exceptions, in the border States, no Negro can be admitted to a white college. This means not separation; it means depriving Negroes of the best advantages of higher training. The State of Georgia, for instance, spends $655,135 for the higher training of its white youth and $10,000 for the higher training of its colored youth.

In Northern institutions for the most part Negroes are not denied admission. Princeton, while it shuffles and refuses to make a clear statement, has never admitted a Negro to its college department although it has had Negroes in the theological school. Yale has never encouraged their attendance. Harvard used to encourage them until their number began to grow. Vassar has graduated but one Negro student and did not know it at the time. Bryn Mawr and Barnard have tried desperately to exclude them. Radcliffe, Wellesley, and Smith have treated them with tolerance and even cordiality. Many small institutions or institutions with one or two Negro students have been gracious and kindly toward them, particularly in the Middle West. But on the whole, the attitude of the Northern institution toward the Negro student is one which varies from tolerance to active hostility.

In later years the tendency toward hostility has increased. This is because of the overcrowding of colleges, which has made them seek for pretexts to exclude prospective students, and because of the increase in the number of Negro applicants. In cases where colored students are received, effort is often made to segregate and insult them in various ways. They have been forced to establish their own fraternities, and even when their fraternities are established, are of national scope and of good standing certain

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universities, the University of Michigan for instance, refuse representation of colored fraternities on the Interfraternity Council.

Almost all Catholic institutions refuse to accept Negro students. There is not, I am told, a single colored candidate for the priesthood in a regular Catholic theological seminary and of the Catholic colleges only Fordham and Detroit admit Negroes.

In social affairs within white colleges discrimination has naturally been rife; for, first of all, what is a social affair? And what is social equality? Is it social equality for Negro and white students to sit in the same classrooms; or to eat in the college commons; or to room in the same dormitories; or to join the same clubs or fraternities; or to attend the class and college dances? Different institutions have drawn the line at different places. Williams has recently tried to force a colored boy out of its college dining-room. Harvard tried to keep colored boys out of its freshman dormitories. Michigan asked colored students to leave a university dance.

But it was left for Johns Hopkins to carry segregation to its furthest extent. Johns Hopkins gives extension courses and one of the courses was chosen by the teachers of Wilmington, Delaware. Among these teachers were twenty-four colored teachers. Immediately they were notified by the authorities of Johns Hopkins that these colored teachers could not be admitted to the extension courses. All of the teachers, both colored and white, thereupon refused to take the course!

The whole problem resolves itself to this fundamental question: Do we want Negroes educated according to their ability and with the aim of making them independent, self-directing, modern men or are we determined still to educate them as a subordinate caste? Upon the way in which we answer this question depends our interpretation of the problems presented above.

The Menace of Mussolini and Horthy

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, February 9

WE have just had Mussolini's violent attack on Germany, unprecedented in its insolence and vulgarity in the speeches of men occupying such a position as his. It has been received with enthusiastic approval by the *Temps* and the French Nationalist press generally, although France has been just as violently attacked in Italy by the Fascist press and Italian ambitions are a much greater menace to France than any alleged German designs. Were the military situation of Germany still the same as in 1914 I think that Mussolini would have chosen his language more carefully, but it is easy to threaten an unarmed country. The bombast of the speech and its preposterous misrepresentation of the history of German South Tyrol and of the present Italian policy in that unhappy territory should not make us forget the open menace of war with which it ended. This man is bound to make war sooner or later, just as surely as Napoleon III was. War is the logical outcome of such a regime as that at present existing in Italy. Of the many existing dangers to peace in Europe Fascism is the greatest. One would conclude from the articles in the Italian papers that Italy contemplates war on France with the object of territorial expansion. That seems hardly probable, but one never knows into what act of madness men may be led when they are suffering from swelled head as badly as the Italian Fascists. It was an act of madness on the part of Napoleon III to declare war on Prussia, but he did it.

It is, however, more likely that Mussolini will prefer to attack a less formidable enemy. It is plain from his speech and from other Fascist utterances that the Italian Fascists have further designs on Austrian territory. Logically they are almost bound sooner or later to demand North Tyrol, for North and South Tyrol have been one for nearly fourteen centuries and the Brenner frontier is an ethnological absurdity as well as a crime. They have long had designs on Dalmatia, and documents which came into the hands of the Jugoslavian Government two or three months ago showed that those designs have taken very definite shape. The Italian Fascists have also colonial ambitions and aggressive aims in the Near East. They would like nothing better than a war between England and Turkey, in which they could intervene on the side of England—for a consideration. Perhaps part of the consideration has already been paid by England in the shape of the extraordinarily lenient terms of the Italian debt settlement. Mr. Churchill, however, who dreams of becoming the English Mussolini, would naturally be inclined to give specially favorable terms to a Fascist government. The present British Government is a bad one from the international point of view. It hardly makes for peace to make concessions to the most aggressive and bellicose Government in Europe which, on the eve of a disarmament conference (which can be nothing but a ghastly joke), is spending every penny that it can afford or cannot afford on increasing the strength of its army and navy. By the way, the American loan to Italy has come in handy for that purpose.

The British Government is also doing its best to save the Horthy-Bethlen gang in Hungary from an international inquiry into their misdeeds. But for English opposition, France would already have broken off diplomatic relations with Hungary in order to bring the scandal of the forged French bank-notes before the League of Nations. And France is quite right in this case. There is no longer the slightest doubt that the Hungarian Government has, if not connived at, at least tolerated, with full knowledge of the facts, the forgeries of foreign bank-notes that have been going on in Hungary for the last five or six years. And what we should know is the political plot that lies behind the forgeries, for undoubtedly there is one.

It may not be amiss to summarize the main facts about the Hungarian forgeries, as the inquiry has revealed them. They seem to have begun about 1920, for the first forged Czecho-Slovakian notes were discovered in that year. From the first Nadossy, the Chief of the Hungarian Police, has been one of the ringleaders of the gang of aristocratic forgers. It was he who protected Joseph Pazurik and Meszaros when they were arrested in con-

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nection with the Czecho-Slovakian forgeries and who succeeded in stifling the whole affair. Pazurik had had a checkered career. He was an Austrian spy during the war and then appeared in Budapest during the Communist regime as an ardent supporter of Bela Kun, who gave him some official post. After Bela Kun's fall, Pazurik went to Budapest and, by posing as a patriotic Slovak (though a Magyar, he was born in Slovakia), obtained from the Czecho-Slovakian Government, which knew nothing about his past, a post in the passport office of the Czecho-Slovakian legation in Budapest. He was dismissed when it was discovered that he had supplied the Hungarian Government with the names of victims of the White Terror, who had been given Czecho-Slovakian visas to save their lives by escaping from Hungary, and had got them shot at the frontier. He then took to forgery as a stepping-stone to a career in the Hungarian civil service. For, after the discovery of the Czecho-Slovakian forgeries, both he and Meszaros were rewarded by the Hungarian Government. Pazurik became a high permanent official of the Ministry of the Interior, and Meszaros was made a professor in Budapest University.

Knowing all about Nadossy's connection with the Czecho-Slovakian forgeries, Count Bethlen allowed him to remain Chief of the Hungarian Police until a few weeks ago. Naturally, Nadossy has continued his operations and counted on continuing them with impunity. Pazurik seems to have continued to help him, for the former disappeared from Budapest immediately after the arrests of the Awakening Magyars in Holland. Prince Windisch-Graetz seems to have joined the gang about two years ago.

Count Bethlen has now admitted that he knew about the French forgeries on November 27, when he addressed the letter to Count Perenyi, president of the National Association (the leading Hungarian Fascist organization), which has now been published. He went off to Geneva to attend the Council of the League of Nations without taking steps to stop the forgeries or discover their authors. In the middle of December the three men were arrested in Holland. After the Hungarian Minister at the Hague had vainly tried to obtain their release, the Hungarian Foreign Office telegraphed several times to the Dutch Government, completely covering the arrested men and asking for their release, which was not, of course, granted. The day after the arrests Nadossy himself admitted to Count Bethlen his own share in the matter. Count Bethlen allowed him to remain in office for a fortnight after that admission and to conduct the inquiry into the forgeries! It is only because the French Government insisted on his arrest that Nadossy is not still in office at this moment. Indeed, but for the fact that the Hungarian Government was forced to allow the French police to take part in the investigations, the whole affair would have been hushed up, as was that of the Czecho-Slovakian notes. M. Clinchant, the French Minister at Budapest, had almost to threaten a rupture of diplomatic relations before he could get Bethlen to do anything at all. It may be that Bethlen lacked the power rather than the will to act. Nadossy was more powerful than he. Behind the façade of the nominal Government was the occult Fascist Government, of which Nadossy was the chief. His position was much more important than that of a mere chief of police and resembled that of the minister of police under Napoleon, except that Nadossy had even more power than a Fouché, for Fouché had to deal with the great Napoleon and Nadossy had to deal only with Admiral Horthy.

What were the political aims behind the forgeries? Partly, no doubt, the mad enterprise of further depreciating the French franc by throwing forged notes on the market, partly the desire to get money for the Fascist operations. There is strong reason to believe that a Fascist coup d'etat in Hungary was planned and that the idea was to put the Archduke Albrecht on the Hungarian throne. He was the honorary president of the National Association, but resigned after the revelation of the scandal. It is, however, a very probable hypothesis that the aims of the conspirators went beyond Hungary. Mussolini had certainly been consulted. Ulain, the Hungarian Fascist leader, visited him in Rome and the Archduke Albrecht also went to Rome and was received by Cardinal Gasparri, papal Secretary of State. The Hungarian Fascists seem to have been convinced that they would have Mussolini's support in the event of their coup succeeding and that Italy would threaten Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia if those countries tried to intervene. It is also probable that one of the aims of the plot was the overthrow of the Austrian republic.

An inquiry by the League of Nations is necessary to clear the matter up. Naturally Italy is opposed to any such inquiry and it may be on that account that the British Government is also opposed to it. An inquiry, if it were genuine and thorough, might lead to revelations unpleasant to Mr. Churchill's Fascist friends. The Hungarian Government is doing its utmost to prevent investigation of the political aspects of the affair. Although the parliamentary committee was appointed expressly to investigate those aspects the government majority on the committee decided not to investigate them. Hungary is one of the plague spots of Europe and the present Hungarian regime is an abomination. It was never intended to be permanent, but England and France, for reasons that have never been explained and are probably not fit for publication, have never insisted on the fulfilment of the undertaking given by Horthy, that a plebiscite should be held to decide the permanent form of government.

If the Hungarian abscess is not pricked; if the present regime is allowed to continue, and ends, as it is almost sure to end, in a Hapsburg restoration by force, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia will not be restrained any longer. And, if they walked into Hungary, who can foretell what the consequences would be? It must not be forgotten that Hungary was admitted into the League of Nations only on an undertaking that there should be no restoration of the Hapsburgs. If they have tolerated a plot for their restoration, Horthy and Bethlen have violated that undertaking. The League of Nations has the right to inquire whether they have or not.

In the Driftway

THAT disorderly frump, Mother Nature, must have stared in amazement—and then chuckled—on the day she produced the Efficiency Expert. Ever since he has gone his humorless, brisk way, putting the world in order. His latest victim is the calendar. For the calendar is all wrong. Its months are of uneven length; there is no telling on what day of the week a date will fall; and the last four months of the year are numbered from seven to ten instead of from nine to twelve. The only thing one can do with a

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calendar like that is change it, for it doesn't fit into any logical scheme of living.

* * * * *

JULIUS CAESAR is partly responsible for this state of affairs. When he arranged our calendar a couple of thousand years ago, vanity and family pride interfered with his efficiency and gave us July and August and a ninth month named September—but no solution for the real difficulty; the real difficulty lies deeper. In fact, it is the Universe itself which falls so sadly short of the expert's ideal of order. "Surely," one imagines him muttering to himself, "it must have been a slipshod Workman who neglected to make the lunar and the solar years match." Having complained thus he proceeds to correct, in so far as he is able, the grave mistake made some millions of years ago when God was young and careless. He proposes to divide the year into thirteen months of four weeks each and rename them. That would wipe out Caesar's bungling. Then he would gather the discrepancy between the solar and lunar years into an occasional homeless week between the years.

* * * * *

BUT the Drifter is thankful for the carelessness of God and the vanity of Caesar. He sincerely hopes that this plan does not succeed. It would put an end forever to that delightful experience of five pay-days in a month. And even the bizarre effect of that nameless week could not possibly take the place of the present refreshing disorder in the length of the months. Worst of all, the first of the month and of the year would always fall on the same day of the week, probably Monday. The Drifter is overcome with weariness at the mere thought of such a monotony of Mondays to the end of time. How could art or conversation or any joy persist in such a world? It is irregularity that makes life interesting. But the Drifter is not really alarmed over the situation. He feels quite sure that the superstition concerning the number thirteen will effectively balk the plan. He himself is not superstitious about the number thirteen—he has passed on to more subtle superstitions—but the fact that few liners, even in this enlightened age, have staterooms numbered thirteen encourages him to believe that the Efficiency Expert will find it hard to make man live by a thirteen-month calendar.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Trusts and the Tariff

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On what grounds can free traders or protectionists explain the hullabaloo which many of them are raising over neglect to enforce the anti-trust act? Free traders know that trusts exist as a natural product of special privilege, including the tariff. They know that the anti-trust law is but a trick devised by dishonest and ignorant protectionists to divert attention from the tariff iniquity. When they demand enforcement of the anti-trust act they are not only helping the dishonest protectionist game but are in the position of knowingly prescribing a quack remedy for a serious disease.

As to protectionists, they claim to believe in the theory that the way to keep wages high is to help manufacturers to make big profits. On that ground they advocate the protective tariff. They further know (for some of the most ardent protectionists have cited the fact) that big profits in an industry encourage investment of capital therein, with the result that increased competition lowers profits. And it may be added, must decrease wages—if the protectionist hypothesis is correct. To prevent this trusts and combinations are formed so that any effort to compel dissolution must necessarily neutralize the so-called benefits of protection. When Mr. Coolidge, or his Attorney General, claims to favor enforcement of the anti-trust act he must either realize the fallacy or fraud of the protectionist position, or that anti-trust suits, while they may cause some trouble, can do no real harm to protected monopolies.

An anti-trust suit when directed against a real monopoly, not some little unprivileged scapegoat, is on its face but an effort to prevent by one law what a stronger law encourages. Moreover, it is an effort to use methods which have failed to check even petty larceny—a practice which has no large gains to offer—to do away with practices which may bring to the one indulging therein the fortune of a Gary or Mellon.

If we insist on maintaining special privilege it is but waste of effort to endeavor to enforce the anti-trust law. And the more earnest and sincere the enforcer the greater the waste and harm. There is no method "just as good" as complete and speedy abolition of all special privileges. Free traders should insist on that fact. Six months of absolute free trade will cure more than thirty-six years of Sherman acts.

Baltimore, February 16 SAMUEL DANZIGER

Marriage a Financial Partnership

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A group of influential college women in Wisconsin recently discussed a legal paper on Marriage a Financial Partnership, which proposed the following law:

> 1. The sum of the net income of the husband and the net income of the wife shall be the joint income and both shall have an equal voice in the spending or disposal of the joint income.
>
> 2. In case of violation of the above provision either husband or wife may appeal to the judge of the circuit court (or court of domestic relations). The hearing shall be a private one. The court may require a budget to be filed for the year, signed by both husband and wife, allotting the income into the usual schedules for family budgets, including pocket money for both husband and wife. Failure to observe the budget as filed, to a reasonable degree, by either husband or wife shall be cause for a decree of divorce from bed and board.

The advantages of this law over the voluntary contract proposed by Doris Stevens are, of course, that it would give a legal recognition to the wife as a partner, thus maintaining her self-respect; and it would furnish a legal remedy in all cases of marital unhappiness including those in which no contract has been made.

A judge of the Court of Domestic Relations in New York has recently been quoted as saying:

> More than half the divorce cases that come before me arise out of disputes concerning money in the home and are occasioned either by the extravagance of the wife or the penuriousness of the husband. Almost all such cases could have been avoided by the simple expedient of a home budget, made out in agreement by the two heads of the household and administered by the wife.

The proposed law would give to the husband of an extravagant wife a more workable remedy than the present clumsy, public refusal to pay the debts contracted by her. Suits are now commonly brought by merchants, for goods contracted for by the wife, under the rule of the old common law that a wife is entitled to the "necessaries" of life. (It was held in Massachusetts that she was entitled "to the necessaries suitable to the condition of a pauper and no more.") This rule has been

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modified to the extent of a Minnesota decision which speaks of

> the well-known fact that in modern society the wife as the manager of the household is clothed with authority to pledge his credit for articles of ordinary household use. But when articles purchased do not fall fairly in the domestic department or are not properly necessaries but are excessive in amount or extravagant in their nature the presumption of authority from cohabitation does not arise. The term necessaries, in its legal sense, as applied to a wife is not confined to articles of food and clothing required to sustain life or preserve decency but includes such articles of utility or even ornament as are suitable to maintain the wife according to the estate and rank of her husband.

This suitability is a question of fact for a jury, with all its nauseous publicity. Under the proposed law the husband could bring his wife to reason privately, with the aid of the judge—and the penurious husband could be likewise given a chance to reform.

Under the civil-law rule of community of property, which exists in many of our Western States, a wife has a certain recognition as a partner in ownership, though not in management, and a decision in the State of Washington says:

> The conjugal partnership, though agreeing in some, differs in many essential particulars from the conventional. The former has higher and more important purposes, essential, in fact, to the welfare and even the existence of society.

There is now a Uniform Partnership Act, adopted by many States, which might be applied to the marriage partnership.

Sweden and Denmark have adopted a marriage law which establishes in principle the equality of both parties in a marriage and which expressly states that the personal work in the home, which is generally performed by the wife, shall be a contribution to the common support, and that the party which has no money, generally the wife, has a legal right to receive for his or her own disposal whatever funds may be necessary for general household expenses and personal needs according to current customs.

The most radical effect of the law proposed above would be giving husband and wife equal voice in the investment or other disposal of the savings above living expenses—how much should go back into business, into savings, into what investments. In some cases a wife's business judgment on these points might be disastrous. Often, however, she would counsel against unwise investments. Where a woman lacks business training this plan would give her experience and guidance by the husband, which might prove exceedingly valuable. In case of inability to agree, the court could always be appealed to as an arbitrator, or, if worst came to worst, the partnership could be dissolved by divorce, as happens so frequently already.

Madison, Wis., February 15 FLORENCE G. BUCKSTAFF

Labor Capitalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is unfortunate that Mr. Cedric Long may give the impression that Standard Oil, Kresge's, and Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company are examples of labor capitalism, in his article Labor Capitalism—Where Does It Lead? (February 10). Such an impression is created by a citation of the colossal profits of these profiteering institutions, with no mention of the nominal profits of the purely labor types of modern business, i.e., labor banks and labor insurance companies. The banks of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers are limited by their by-laws to 10 per cent dividends. Other labor institutions, either purely or quasi-cooperative, have like provisions.

No one can object to Mr. Long's censure of the present drift of American labor into business, but one has a right to hope that Mr. Long will not contribute to the present darkness by failing to define terms and make important distinctions.

Certain sections of American labor are now bitterly fighting employer-stock-sharing schemes and employee-and-customer-ownership schemes, which Mr. Long seems to think are forms of labor capitalism. I am familiar with purely cooperative enterprises which have the approval of Mr. Long, and I cannot see that they differ in any particular from the cooperative enterprises which he chooses to call examples of labor capitalism.

Strictly speaking there is no such thing as labor capitalism. Capitalism has but one aim—the making of profits. Laborism has but one aim—the protection of human beings in industry. These aims are mutually exclusive.

Washington, D. C., February 8 M. H. HEDGES

John Singer Sargent's Letters

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A life of Mr. John Singer Sargent by Mr. Evan Charteris, Q. C., is in preparation and will, it is hoped, be published in the course of the year 1926. Mr. Richard W. Hale, of 60 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts, Mr. Sargent's executor in America, requests any who have letters written by Mr. Sargent, or other material illustrating his life, to communicate with him and particularly to supply letters, to be copied and returned.

Boston, February 2 RICHARD W. HALE

Russia's War Guilt

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to your article Russia's War Guilt Becomes Plainer in the January 27 issue of *The Nation*, I wonder whether you observed that I myself cited Von Schilling's "Diary" in my editing of the Russian Ministerial Council Journal? That I drew no conclusions from the Journal with reference to Russian mobilization was not because the document had no bearing on Russian mobilization, but simply because it told us no more on that point than we knew already. The one new thing that we could not have accepted from the Von Schilling "Diary," but which can be based on the Journal, is a fact relating to diplomacy, not to military affairs. No reliable historian could have based on the Von Schilling "Diary" alone the conclusion that a certain plan of procedure was the only diplomatic plan for meeting the Serbian crisis which was ever sanctioned by the full authority of the Russian Government.

There is so much difficulty in any case in avoiding the confusion of issues when the question of war origin is discussed that polemic writing in almost any direction is likely to lead away from the truth. They were all of them guilty enough! But the specific point which you make—that Russian guilt is made plainer than it was before by the document which I published—seems ill founded.

ROBERT C. BINKLEY,
Reference Librarian

Stanford University, California, February 5

[In our editorial of January 27 we stated at length the reasons why the minutes of the Russian ministerial council of July 24, 1914, help to make the case against Russia still more definite. The only point of importance in the full minutes which is not mentioned in the "Diary" relates to the calling in of the Russian money in Germany and Austria, something which indicates a strong Russian anticipation of immediate war at a time when the military and diplomatic situation was not at all menacing. In the light of subsequent developments in Russia and France it is now apparent that the Russian diplomatic suggestions to Serbia on the 24th were in no sense made in good faith, but were the initial stage in the diplomatic barrage under cover of which military activities were consciously and designedly launched which made any diplomatic settlement of the crisis out of question.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

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Books and Plays

Goats

By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

What I liked best in Sicily
Was not cloud-making Aetna, nor the fanes
Of old Greek gods, silent in majesty
Of death, but the early fresh-milk trains
That come while borage leaves hold dew
And the starry flowers of lapis blue
Are wet with Night; herds of whimsical
Black, brown, and spotted grave she-goats,
With stare indifferent and quizzical;
Furry tassels dangling at their throats.
Nonchalantly sauntering to town,
They bite the wayside weed
With dainty, lip-selecting greed,
Skipping lightly to a wall,
Or even a house top, looking down
To mock with wag of beard the herder's call.
Through the narrow streets they pass from door to door
And full of sympathy for motherhood
Fill frothing bowls for babies of the poor,
From bulging udders, soft and round and good.
By the dripping fountain of the public square
Women wait for them, chatting the while
They squirt white jets through bottle-necks; a stair
Of stone one climbs to feed the sick; looking back to smile
A sly satiric grin of goaty guile.
Then all lie down to rest in a shadow place
Against a wall, chewing their sidewise cud
Till presently, with pretty mincing pace
They seek the mountain and the tumbling flood.

First Glance

THE history of mankind is among other things the history of those reputations which mankind has chosen to keep alive. We are familiar with books recording the growth and decay of legends built round the careers of persons who were interesting for their conduct—Socrates, Alexander, Caesar, Jesus, Charlemagne, Washington, Lincoln. We are not so familiar with researches made by scholars into the reputations of great authors. The materials for such researches vary, of course, in direct proportion to the length of time the authors have been dead; and it is natural that the earliest studies should have dealt with names like Homer and Virgil—the stories of these names throwing light in the first instance upon democratic sentiment in eighteenth-century Germany and in the second instance upon Italian superstition in the Middle Ages. As time has gone on, however, a richer field has been left exposed, so that Mr. Paget Toynbee, by following the vicissitudes of Dante's vogue in England, could write in effect a history of English taste. And more recently still the thing has been done by English scholars for English authors themselves. The reputation of Shakespeare, which would tell much, has still to be written; but that of Milton for more than a century after his death has been treated with illuminating thoroughness by an American student, Mr. R. D. Havens, and I remember that not the least interesting portion of Professor Cross's "History of Henry Fielding" was perhaps the portion analyzing the successive opinions entertained of Fielding by critics and biographers.

Easily the masterpiece in this mode is Caroline F. E. Spurgeon's "Five Hundred Years of Chaucer Criticism and Allusion: 1357-1900" (Macmillan: 3 vols.: $16.50), now made available for a larger public than the Chaucer Society for which it was compiled and by which it was published. Only those, perhaps, who have attempted similar researches will appreciate the labor and the skill with which Miss Spurgeon has applied herself to hers; but I am persuaded that anyone who opens the ample volumes, perceives their plan, dips here and there into the stream of commentary which runs from Lydgate to Skeat, examines the numerous facsimiles of manuscript pages, and happens at last upon the pictures of the Canterbury pilgrims by Stothard and Blake will be fascinated. And whoever turns back to Miss Spurgeon's introduction, in which she not only furnishes a key to the endless extracts which follow but suggests how upon them a history of critical taste and method might be based, will be made aware at once of the importance of all such studies. Miss Spurgeon is a little careless, I think, in her use of the word "evolution" to describe what may have been merely chances and changes in the career of Chaucer's fame—this, too, in spite of her advice to modern readers not "to feel that the way we regard an author . . . is the truest and only possible way he can be regarded." The first and last fact about Chaucer is that always, except to a degree between 1602 and 1687, he has been read; and the shifting reasons for this, while they are extremely interesting, do not necessarily indicate an evolution. But the story is told on the whole so well that Caxton, Thynne, Beaumont, Dryden, Tyrwhitt, Furnivall, and Skeat become heroic figures; and that is an achievement.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Glory Called Life

More Changes, More Chances. By Henry W. Nevinson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

"THE glory called life" and "the still, sad music of humanity"—in these clashing phrases, taken from the closing paragraphs of his book, we have the authentic interpretation of the man called Nevinson and of all his works. "In spite of all that man has done to strip the earth of her wild beauty," life is still to him "the vision splendid." His hope that he may live to write of the last twelve years of war and reconstruction will be passionately echoed by all who have the good fortune to follow the changes and chances that he has so enchantingly related.

With this, the second volume of the story of his active life, he carries the record down through the crowded decade from the close of the Boer War to the baleful dawn of the World War. The three mortal years of servitude on the *Daily Chronicle*, where his voice of reason was smothered by the unbending war policy of the paper, were at last over and he was once more free—free to go to Macedonia, which was then, in October, 1903, undergoing its customary "pacification" at the hands of the Turks.

It might seem that the spirit which ever denies had a controlling hand in shaping the career of this shy, self-distrustful, tolerant Englishman who hated war as he hated the devil. The former volume, "Changes and Chances," bristles with such titles as The Thirty Days' War (Greece-Turkey in 1897), The

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Spanish-American War, and Ladysmith and Pretoria, while the present work carries him from the Macedonian massacres to the abortive Russian revolution of 1905, to India during the "unrest" of 1907, to Spain's unending, intermittent war against the Moors of the Riff in 1909, to Ulster for Carson's incipient rebellion, through the Balkan wars of 1912-1913, and finally to the seething streets of Berlin on the eve of the World War. But it isn't necessary to resort to a thaumaturgic explanation of this inconsistency. The spirit that denies is within us. It frustrates one desire to gratify another and stronger impulse. The dominating passion in Nevinson was not, as he sometimes believed, to live out his years in contemplation, like the Hindu mystic whom he envied in Madras, nor, abandoning the life of chances and changes, to throw in his lot definitely with the men of letters. This temptation he resisted when he found himself wondering "if it were not possible to add the sharp reality of strong and active experience to the imaginative powers so carefully cultivated in the cloisters of literary seclusion." Xenophon was his ideal of life (though he was really far more like the much-wandering Ulysses), but it was the Xenophon who "stood among the soldiers whom he had succeeded in guiding through the center of unknown Asia and heard their exultant cry at sight of the sea." No, he could not rest from travel. He must drink life to the lees.

In trying to understand that crowded life of high adventure, admiring but misguided friends have described Nevinson as a knight-errant. But he has never found it necessary to look for trouble. Trouble has never had the slightest difficulty in finding him nor he in recognizing it and making it his own. His motto might have been like that of a boys' club in Chicago: "As long as there's a boy in trouble, we are in trouble."

And so it was that, when in 1904 the Harpers offered to finance him for an "adventurous journey," he selected the Portuguese slave territories of Angola, West Central Africa, and the two cocoa islands of San Thome and Principe as the scene of his exploit. This, which Nevinson characterizes as the main enterprise of his life, was, as he confesses, of all his activities the one that was nearest his heart. The story of his incredible journeys through the fever-infested swamps and forests of the mainland, of his dealings with the simple-minded natives and of the shocking cruelties of the slave-system as practiced by the traders and on the plantations, is told with simplicity and with graphic power. Stricken with fever and often in danger of his life, not from the natives but from the European planters and traders, he completed his work and managed to make his escape, returning to England after an absence of about eight months. He came back not as a conquering hero but as a sensation-monger to meet the chilly indifference of the general public and the active hostility of the Quaker cocoa concerns and their influential friends and newspapers and even of the Foreign Office. But he kept up the fight through writings and public addresses until public opinion and the government came to his support. The battle is not yet won; slavery and the slave trade still flourish in the Portuguese possessions; but its evils have in some respects been mitigated and the system is on its slow, reluctant way to extinction.

Once more the happy warrior buckled on his armor when in the course of the suffrage movement "women whom I knew —women whom everyone respected—like Cobden's daughter and Mrs. Lawrence, took to rioting and were sent to prison" and had foul outrages perpetrated on them by the police and by prison officials. How he must have hated it all—the disgraceful street scenes, the ridicule and obloquy—and yet how intrepidly he carried on until the victory was won! Here again we have the old conflict, the fastidious, hypersensitive nature, "averse," he says "from all contention," swept on by the passion for justice and decency. How deeply the iron entered into his soul may be gathered from the statement written six years later: "I account two days in my life as especially happy—one was that February 6, 1918," when the suffrage bill received the royal assent; "the other, December 6, 1921, when I heard in Washington that the treaty between my country and Southern Ireland had been signed. But of the two the happiness of the former day was the greater, the relief and joy being almost incredible."

Despite his inveterate shyness such a man would make friends, for friendship is an art and the winning of a friend a high adventure. He found them under many skies—Tolstoi in Russia, the saintly Madhu Sudan Das and the invincible Surendra Nath, "the gray-bearded son of thunder," in India, Thomas Hardy and George Meredith in his own England—and by the subtle alchemy of understanding made them his own. Most of all, however, he was at home in the Fleet Street he loved and among the great journalists with whom he worked, and the greatest of these was the master, Massingham. Of all of these and of many more he has written engagingly, with rare comprehension and discrimination, giving us incomparable portraits of all the great figures that made and marred the time in which his life was cast.

Much has been said and well said of Mr. Nevinson's literary craftsmanship, but there is art as well as craftsmanship in this picture of an era. We see, as in a vision, the whole process of our world rattling into barbarism, but at the same time we see it throwing up isles of safety for the generations to come, making spiritual gains to confirm our ancient faith in the capacity of our dull humanity to muddle through to a more secure footing on our slippery planet. This record, when completed by the third instalment of changes and chances, will furnish to all who come after us the one indispensable interpretation of the period closed by the World War.

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY

The War Upon the Unseen

Microbe Hunters. By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

IN this book, for the first time, the war upon pathogenic organisms comes out of the laboratory and takes on all the sweaty, vociferous gusto of a bout between longshoremen. I hope I am not misunderstood. Dr. de Kruif doesn't vulgarize it in the slightest. But he dramatizes it superbly; he converts its heroes from the cold, impersonal scientists of legend into brilliantly real and human men, full of the weaknesses that are in all the rest of us, and separated from the general only by the touch of genius. How does Robert Koch look to the world? It sees, I believe, only a beard, a pair of spectacles, and a microscope; the man might be one of his own tubercles. But in Dr. de Kruif's gaudy pages he begins to live and breathe; nay, to kick and yell. He is not only the discoverer of the tubercle bacillus but also the German patriot, and eager to floor Pasteur. He is not only a man of abysmal learning but also a man of gorgeous romance, with the dreams of a schoolboy and the high adventures of a movie actor.

I confess that this rescue of Koch delights me, for he is the only absolute genius I have ever had the pleasure of meeting in this world, and that encounter left me full of suspicions that the real Koch was far from the Koch of common rumor. We crossed the ocean together, and when the ship-news reporters came aboard in New York harbor I heard him tell them one of the boldest lies ever heard by these ears. It was so bold, indeed, that it betrayed me into violating the principles of a lifetime, and I gave him away. But mere lying, of course, is not enough to make me marvel; I have known three Presidents of the United States. What fetched me was the astounding contrast between the old Geheimrat and his wife. He was nearly seventy, perhaps five feet six inches in height, and so frail that he rattled in his tourist tweeds like King George in his ermine. His wife loomed above him like the Jungfrau above the Interlaken town-pump. She was perhaps twenty-five, and in the full flush of what passes for beauty among the de-

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signers of Munich post cards. Her hair was a blinding gold; her sharpest angle was a lovely epicycloid; she weighed a good thirteen stone; she had been a star in drama with music. Both had been horribly seasick all the way from Cherbourg to Sandy Hook, lying supine in their deck-chairs like a yellow taxicab wrecked alongside a Corona. Yet the father of modern bacteriology stood up to the reporters, and told them that he had not missed a meal.

Such scandals, of course, concern de Kruif only incidentally, though he by no means evades them. The fact that Spallanzani was accused of looting his own laboratory of specimens seems interesting to him, as in fact it is, and he sets it down. Pasteur's shocking disregard for scientific facts, Metchnikoff's grotesque and wearisome attempts to commit suicide, Leeuwenhoek's squirrel-like hoarding of microscopes, Ross's banal poetizing—all these things go into his chronicle. He not only records them; he obviously enjoys them. But his main business is to describe the work of these men, not their foibles, and to that business he brings an extraordinary combination of sound knowledge and dramatic sense. A bacteriologist himself, he knows precisely what they were trying to do, and understands thoroughly the difficulties that confronted them. How they surmounted those difficulties one by one, partly by ingenuity and pertinacity and partly by dumb luck—this is the substance of his story. It is one of the most exciting stories in all the annals of mankind. No great captain in history, whether of armies or of industry, ever accomplished the half that Koch accomplished. His work was equal to a hundred Waterloos and a hundred steel trusts. Lincoln's job, compared to his, was easy. He brought into the world a whole series of new concepts, and all of them (save perhaps one) were sound. And he did all that with no tools save such as were available to any country doctor, and no encouragement save that of his somewhat bewildered wife—his first one, not the coryphee aforesaid.

The book of de Kruif is immensely interesting. The author does not disdain the arts of the rhetorician. He is not afraid of dramatic pauses and exclamation points. But his story is by no means a mere dramatization. There is a great deal of hard work behind it, a laborious inquiry into matters regarding which even most bacteriologists know little. It is an exhilarating and valuable contribution to one of the noblest chapters in the history of mankind.

H. L. Mencken

Twilight of the Demigods

Mr. Fortune's Trials. By H. C. Bailey. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

The Amaranth Club. By J. S. Fletcher. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

EXCEPT for enchanting apparitions like Mr. Bailey's Dr. Fortune and Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown all detectives seem to have left the uplands of godhead and fallen plump into waste barrens of realism. More and more authors are trying to make their gumshoe behaviorists act like gumshoe men in hotel corridors and private agencies, and as a consequence they are all as thrilling as plain-clothes men in "real" life. The twilight of the gods began with the second and third comings of Sherlock Holmes and the pedestrian detectives of J. S. Fletcher and the sleuths who have got into the bad habit of marrying heroines and settling down to the gumshoe business. Falstaff has given up his divine prose rhythms and talks like an old soak in a corner bar; and the latest children of Sherlock Holmes use methods approved by the commissioner of police.

It all began in the right method of great art with Messrs. Dupin and Lecoq. Of course M. Dupin may talk too well and M. Lecoq may have a wardrobe of disguises which would burden the most versatile character actor. Sherlock Holmes is a spectator of human errors and Father Brown is the victim of a metaphysical idea and Dr. Fortune goes out in the best society. They are all demigods like Medea and Hagen and Othello, who never spout cascades of dulness like people in real life, but administer a legend peopled with demons and witches and a shining intelligence. They play the game for the love of the game and run down masters of crime as a knight takes a rook. The whole business is not a business but a maze like chess played according to a series of complicated moves and beautiful like the web of a tone poem. In a word, they are all artists, and not cops; and they care only for a crime unraveled like a problem in which the crook has to be captured in just three advances of the pawn supported by the knight and the bishop.

One welcomes Dr. Fortune as a return to the great tradition. He has wit and charm like M. Lecoq and is unique like Sherlock Holmes, who is the natural child of M. Lecoq. Perhaps in these degenerate days J. S. Fletcher's commonplace young men will be the favorites of the middle class, which just now wants "real" life and a love interest trundled into a game of high art like a perambulator substituted for the flying steed of the valkyries or a red queen in chess taken with the fine portly figure of the white bishop. Right now it is an age of proved realism; and yet Dr. Fortune may claim kinship with the immortals rather than with the grocers who weigh prunes on Main Street. His only error is that he does not go in for disguises and that he patronizes horticulture instead of injecting his arm with cocaine. He may outgrow these faults; and yet it is hard to complain about him when he is the only living detective except Father Brown who would feel at home with M. Dupin and M. Lecoq and the great Sherlock Holmes. It is not so much that he tracks down the murderer by one careless foot-print on the sandbag or that his methods of detection are more ingenious than Mr. Austin Freeman's Dr. Thorndike, who has science without personal distinction. It is only that he plays his gambits like the gambits of a work of art.

There would be no use in just anyone setting out to create a great detective, for as in the case of music and literature it always takes a first-rate mind to create a first-rate work of art. Every week whole bushels of detectives are loaded on trucks and dumped down like sacks on the heads of the public. All of them try, Oh, so hard, for some individual something marking them off from the herd. One parts his hair in the middle and the other is a professor out of a job and a third is a secret-service gent who claps a handcuff on the yellow hand of the Japanese peril. All, all are born out of an unnatural wedlock of Sherlock Holmes and M. Lecoq, and none except Dr. Fortune and Father Brown exist by their own right of substance. Were it not for these fascinating amateurs of crime one might despair of the age. Where even has there been another like Mr. Bronson-Howard's Yorke Norroy with a wardrobe as intricate as M. Lecoq's own and a disarming manner almost as capturing as Sherlock Holmes's refined accents? Where except for Mr. Bailey and Mr. Chesterton is the new genius who shall wipe the mire of realism from the gumshoes of his detectives and put them back in the company gathered in the halls of the elect?

Donald Douglas

Russian History

An Economic History of Russia. By James Mavor. Second edition. E. P. Dutton and Company. $12.

A History of Russia. By S. F. Platonov. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THE appearance of a new edition of the late Professor Mavor's monumental work is an event to be hailed with delight. These two stout volumes, packed with an abundance of factual material relating to the economic history of Russia, have long been an indispensable item in the library of every student of the subject. The new edition, however, does not

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fulfil the hopes roused by its publishers' announcement. One searches in vain for the additional chapter; a brief paragraph appended to the epilogue is all that rewards the utmost diligence. And while one may heartily agree with Kropotkin's criticism of Kluchevski—which seems to constitute the publishers' notion of a new introduction—Professor Mavor was himself so conscious of the extraordinary merit of Kluchevski's work that he has left Book I of the "Economic History" intact. This historical introduction remains a mere synopsis of the lectures by the late Professor Kluchevski which were first printed in 1883-1884 and of which the existing English translation is but a mutilation. The new edition is, properly speaking, neither revised nor enlarged; yet as a reprint of an extremely valuable work it was well worth doing.

Professor Platonov is specially recommended by his American editor as one who was devoid of "the preconceived ideas about Russian history prevailing in his day." Unfortunately the opening sentence of the English text belies this belief. That "the Russian state traces its beginnings to the ninth century A.D." is the fundamental concept of the Russian historians of forty years ago; it is precisely the ground on which Prince Kropotkin criticized Kluchevski. Professor Platonov, as a pupil of the latter, absorbed his views and, being a notoriously cautious historian, has been very reluctant to abandon them. Curiously enough, it is by reason of this fact that the first two chapters of this translation are the best; throughout them can be traced the mangled remains—the third English version—of Professor Kluchevski's "Course."

In view of the crying need of English-speaking students for a compact outline of Russian history, one is disposed to be indulgent to the historian who sees in ancient engravings of Scythians "the typical features of the Aryan race" and who thinks it important to record that Ivan the Terrible "took one wife after another," and to a translator who turns such phrases as "there was a grand fight" or "the great mass of common people lost out": after all, this book, graduating from the Russian high schools, is recommended only to American college students. But even the American college textbook has long outgrown a mere recital of events, arranged according to the reigns of sovereigns. In the present translation no attempt has been made to explain the sequence of events, to account for the phenomena of Russian life, or to relate the history of Russia to the history of Western Europe. Thus the explanation of the independence and prosperity of Great Novgorod is confined to a list of the officials whose election came to depend on the veche; of the rise of the "Soviet Gospod" there is no hint. Again, the oprichnina is presented as a mad freak of Ivan the Terrible; the role of the boyarskaya duma and the mestnichestvo on the one hand and of "Peresvetov" and the agrarian crisis on the other is ignored. Boris Godunov, the Troubles, the Cossacks, the Zemski Sobor (which the editor has oddly seen fit to call the National Assembly)—these and many other topics are left equally unintelligible.

The fault by no means lies with Professor Platonov. In the Russian editions of his work social and economic history is not ignored. But the English version has reduced the bulk of the original by a good half. So drastic has the work of editing been that one is driven to wonder why it was deemed necessary to retain any text at all. Had the material been boiled down just a little more, the whole of it could have been incorporated into the chronological table.

The sense of historical values is gravely distorted. What is one to think of a history of Russia which finds space to mention President Roosevelt and Grand Duke Michael but omits altogether Pobyedonostsev, Witte, Milyukov, Plekhanov, and Lenin? Of a history of Russia that devotes a page to the Muridists and treats of the Tekke Turkomans but mentions the Bolsheviks only once and has no word for the Cadets, the Mensheviks, and the Social Revolutionaries? Of a history of Russia which devotes twice as much space to the "family and court affairs of Ivan III" as to the revolution of 1905?

The book will be a bitter disappointment to the genuine historian. Nothing could be better calculated to stifle the present popular interest in history than to foist on an unsuspecting public such a text.

J. D. CLARKSON

Distinguished Minor Poetry

Those Not Elect. By Léonie Adams. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.50.

MISS ADAMS'S first volume of poems contains such richness in familiar varieties that one might succeed in defining her quality analytically, in many instances phrase by phrase, with quotations from songs out of plays by Ford or Webster, and from Herbert and Carew. One should not expect to find Miss Adams after 1650—nor before the lyrics in "The Broken Heart." Her poetry lacks the eighteenth-century interest in the object noted but not seen—

> A pair of garters, half a pair of gloves,
> And all the trophies of his former loves

—and it lacks the line by line simplicity of the early Elizabethan song:

> Pack clouds away and welcome day,
> With night we banish sorrow.

Her sensibility, metaphysical in Johnson's sense, has isolated a world somewhere between eighteenth-century decoration and the fresh intensity of a lyric by Thomas Heywood or Greene. For all her aptness in certain early sixteenth-century conventions—typically the subjective dialogue, in her Death and the Lady—the fusion of her qualities brings her closer to Carew than to any other poet. This, again, in spite of a Shakespearean idiom in some of her sonnets:

> Since now most precious mines can give no gold
> So absolute but it's made metaphor.

But Miss Adams, without any of the older classical machinery, more intensely visualizes and relates her images; she expresses herself in her best poems in terms of something impersonal and beyond conviction—an intense awareness of *things*. Her probing intensity is a little like that of her contemporary, Louise Bogan. Thus she does not exploit the extended intellectuality of Donne; her intelligence acts within its immediate problems. Her poetry is not an exhibit; it is quiet, serious, static. This last quality is a fixed relation between her and her world; she is not philosophically ambitious. "Never, being damned, see Paradise," writes Miss Adams in the title poem; it is the subject matter of all the verse in this book. Wit, or its current version in dandyism, is a quality that Miss Adams has rejected for a more serious irony; having accepted her own intricately derived world, she doesn't attempt to refute its terms. She is serious without an inversion of sentimentality.

Her irony designs the contexture of her perceptions; it is not a property.

> Now is my very marrow gone to dreaming,
> And I am stricken by its dream's precision
> To live bewildered between blood and seeming.

Her poetry becomes purer, if less directly exciting, when this irony, nearly always introspective, vanishes in a strict contemplation of its "objective reference"—in an absorption in the object itself.

> And if a lark shook out his wing,
> That shadow on your cheek I found.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Now on dark wounds falls dreamily,
> Like a celestial dew, the snow.

Some of the personal, aesthetically unresolved confusion of these two ways of seeing persists, and Miss Adams has written fewer successful poems than an adept artificer of magazine

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verse would let himself write. Miss Adams is personal, meticulous, detached from ulterior literary motives; a distinguished limited sensibility, she is a distinguished minor poet. There are perhaps five poems in this book of almost ultimate perfection. But the many unrealized poems are honorably committed. She is conscious of a problem in poetic values, and her failures in integrity are worth considerably more than the neat reconstructions of properties into which several of her women contemporaries, after their first interesting successes, have been quickly diverted.

ALLEN TATE

Books in Brief

Honest Liberty in the Church. A Record of the Church Congress in the United States on its Fiftieth Anniversary, A.D. MCMXXIV. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

A collection of sixty-two addresses, of which thirty-eight, with one straddling exception, deal with purely credal and ritual problems, entirely dogmatic and totally irrelevant either to honesty or dishonesty. The twenty-four papers on divorce, remarriage, the standards of the modern home, eugenics, and the Christian approach to the solution of industrial unrest should be subsumed under the heading Dishonest Liberalism in the Church. It is incredible but true that not one of the speakers faces the issues he discusses.

The Recent Foreign Policy of the United States. By George H. Blakeslee. The Abingdon Press. $2.

Professor Blakeslee's account of American post-war diplomacy, originally written as a series of university addresses, is of the nature of a brief rather than a critique. Certainly it lacks the force of some of his earlier work in probing behind the scenes of secret diplomacy. Mr. Hughes could hardly ask for a more comprehensive eulogium upon his official career than these chapters afford. The State Department might well consider giving them wide publicity as an official version of its activities during the past half-dozen years.

Dynamic Psychology. By Dom Thomas V. Moore. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

Psychology. By Everett D. Martin. Peoples Institute Publishing Company. $3.

Professor Moore in a well-written, well-illustrated treatise has attempted to link up a metaphysical soul-stuff with the findings of modern psychology. The content is from clinical observation, from standard experimentation, and from the data collected by the Würzburg School—those present adherents of freedom of will, imageless thought, and other survivals of scholasticism. The book is worth perusal. To phrase psychology in terms of the total going organism, or personality, rather than in terms of a combination of mere sensations and ideas is quite in point. The second book also draws heavily from clinical material and experimentation, but in quite a different spirit. Mr. Martin has attempted to coordinate psychoanalysis and behaviorism, and under his able treatment he has done much to correlate these two apparently opposite standpoints. This book is perhaps the best introduction to psychology for the general reader at hand. Certainly it is much superior for this purpose to the usual textbook.

Drama

Oil and Vinegar

MR. MARC CONNELLY and Mr. George Kaufman are that oil and vinegar which have to be mixed for the preparation of a really satisfactory sauce. To the enormously successful "Beggar on Horseback" Mr. Kaufman's vinegar supplied both the acid bite of satire and the snap which no Broadway success can fail to be without; while Mr. Connelly's oil contributed the suave fantasy and the soothing sentiment which gave the combination a flavor all its own. Since then each of these gentlemen has tried it alone, Mr. Kaufman with "The Butter and Egg Man," and now Mr. Connelly with "The Wisdom Tooth" (Little Theater); and each has revealed the fact that he would have been better off with his partner. The first play, in spite of its great popularity, is only rather aridly amusing, and the second, for all its delicate charm, lacks, I fear, the speed and the bite which would make it a commercial success. In the one play one misses Mr. Connelly's originality and richness of imagination; in the other one misses Mr. Kaufman's skill in play-building and one misses also the sharpness of his satiric thrusts. Of the two talents Mr. Connelly's has the rarer quality, but I doubt if it has the robustness necessary to stand alone in a commercial theater.

The new play is a fragile little fantasy, full of quiet humor and all but tearful sentiment. Its hero is a gentle-souled clerk whom life has cowed until he has become but the timid echo of the people among whom he moves, without a soul to call his own or an opinion to which he is willing to hold. Afraid of losing his job, afraid of being ridiculous, and afraid to recognize the worth of his own sensitive nature, he says "yes" to everything and everybody until a girl shows him his cowardice. Then he goes in a dream to find the self-reliant boy he used to be, and at a circus, where he stood up for his own belief in fairy stories against the scorn of a bully, he finds again his lost soul, waking with courage enough to lose his job, to reassert his own character, and to claim the girl. Like Mr. Connelly's former plays, the present one is marked by many touches of original observation and by a tenderness which suggests that if the dream form is enough to make one an expressionist his expressionism is of the sort which stems not from Strindberg but from Barrie. Again and again he wins the smile which brings moisture to the eyes, and he trembles time after time upon the edge of sentimentality; but there is a sincerity and a humor, very gentle but real, which save him always from anything facile or false. It would be a pity if the piece, in spite of an excellent production, marked by an extraordinarily sympathetic performance on the part of Thomas Mitchell, should fail to find its audience; but a play so continuously in a minor key has an inevitable difficulty in getting itself heard.

Mr. Belasco has never shown any predilection for minor keys, and his new production, "Lulu Belle" (Belasco Theater), is no exception to his rule. He has perceived the opportunity afforded by the present interest in Negro life and he has seen how he might make use of that interest in his own way. The play in question, written by Edward Sheldon and Charles McArthur, deals *fortissimo* with the career of a mulatto courtisan and her spectacular progress from a Harlem cabaret to the night clubs of Paris; but though its subject matter reflects the stir which has been made by little theater plays and recitals of "Blue" songs, it is Belasco through and through from the sledge-hammer emphasis of Lenore Ulric's performance to that ultra-realistic staging to which he has been so consistently faithful. There are five-story tenements with practical fire-escapes and real Negroes on each one; there is a real Ford driven across the stage, and there is the general atmosphere of a spectacle in the circus. There is no doubt that it gets across and no doubt that it will fill the theater for months to come, but it represents, nevertheless, a complete vulgarization of the material with which it deals.

"The Night Duel" is a simple-minded melodrama, employed to give Marjorie Rambeau a vehicle with which to open the handsome new Mansfield Theater. It is devoted to the thesis that "a woman has a right to commit any crime to hold the man she loves." No more need be said except that there is a villain who will put the hero in a sorry pickle unless this hero's wife will consent to spend a night in his house.

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International Relations Section

The Slav in Macedonia

THE continued oppression of the Bulgarian-speaking population of Greek and Serbian Macedonia constitutes the greatest obstacle to the permanent pacification of the Balkan states. We print below the important sections of a report on the Slav population of western Macedonia which the Secretary General of the International Federation of League of Nations Societies, Professor Th. Ruyssen of Bordeaux University, presented to the meeting of the Commission on Minorities at Lausanne, October 27, 1925:

The condition of the minorities in the eastern part of Macedonia was settled in accordance with a report by the representative of the Greek Government to the Executive Council of the League of Nations on June 10, 1925, at Geneva. . . . The Council accepted this report and expressed its confidence that Greece would fulfil its obligations.

Much less clear is the situation in the western part of Macedonia, which was assigned to Jugoslavia as a result of the Balkan wars of 1912-1913, and still further enlarged by the Treaty of Lausanne. In reality, by the treaty of September 10, 1919, signed between the Allied and Associated Powers and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, the latter accepted the general principles of the treaties on minorities which . . . placed the protection of the minorities in a large number of countries in Central and Eastern Europe under the control of the League of Nations.

The Jugoslavian Government fulfilled its obligations toward the Albanian, German, Magyar, and other minorities which live within its territory. . . . The case is entirely different, however, with the Slav minorities of western Macedonia. The Government of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes questions even the existence of such a minority, and pretends that the Slav population in this district is identical with the Slav majority of the kingdom. On the other hand, Bulgarians and the mass of emigrants from Macedonia living abroad insist that this Slav population represents in fact a national minority and demand for it the privileges guaranteed by the treaty of September 10, 1919. . . .

This short report, however, does not undertake to discuss in detail a complicated problem, which the passions of the parties interested have beclouded. We shall merely endeavor to establish some facts, as accurate as possible, on which to base a discussion, within, of course, the circle of this committee.

Geographical Boundaries

Western Macedonia obviously extends on the west from Lake Ohrida on the Albanian frontier to the upper basin of the river Strumnitsa on the east. On the north it extends to the vilayet of Skopie, and on the south somewhat lower than Monastir. Thus it embraces the central basin of the river Vardar and includes the eastern part of the old vilayet of Monastir. In general, Macedonia is a country poorly bounded, without well-defined natural frontiers.

Historical View

History will help us to understand the character of the present Slav population of the country. Macedonia . . . has passed successively under the yokes of various masters. Nevertheless, it was Bulgarian for a longer time than Serbian. Serbia ruled here less than a century—from 1273 to 1350. . . . The Bulgarians ruled Macedonia from 914 to 1019—a date when the country passed into the hands of the Byzantine emperors—and later, for a second time, from 1196 to 1241. In 1356 the country was invaded by the Turks, and after a few years both Serbs and Bulgars found themselves equally subject for many centuries to the cruel Ottoman yoke. Serbia was politically reborn in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and Bulgaria in 1878. But Macedonia remained under Turkey until the two Balkan wars (1912-1913) which brought about its division between Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece. . . .

Religion

But one thing is more important in Balkan history than political disturbances, namely, the religious factor. A Bulgarian autonomous church, with its own patriarch, existed from the time when the Bulgarians were converted to Christianity, in the eighth century, up to 1767. Its capital was Ohrida, with Macedonia under its ecclesiastical sovereignty. The patriarchate was destroyed in 1767 in favor of the ecumenical patriarchate of Constantinople. But when the Bulgarian exarchate was created by the *firman* of February 28, 1870, it was agreed that its jurisdiction should extend over the Slavic churches in Macedonia, if the clergy of this region wished it. . . .

Serbian Aspirations in Macedonia

Another historical fact seems to be well established, namely, that it was only comparatively recently that Serbia began to interest itself in Macedonia. The traditional ambition of the Serbs was to attain the unification, not of all the South Slavs ("Jugoslavia") but to create a "Great Serbia," to include, besides the Serb kingdom proper, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and "Old Serbia," namely, the district of Prizren and Prishtina, which in reality are Serbian and not a part of western Macedonia. It was the Treaty of Berlin (1878) which, by assigning to Austria-Hungary the pure Slav population of Bosnia and Herzegovina, deceived the Serbs and turned their attention toward the southeast—to the valley of the Vardar, in the direction of Salonika and the Ægean Sea. Thus it is less than half a century since the Serbian and Bulgarian aspirations in Macedonia, to which the Greeks also hastened to add their own, found themselves at odds. . . .

The Facts of the Case

If one searches for exact facts regarding the actual complexion of the Macedonian population, one will soon be convinced that statistics are as contradictory as they are numerous, and that they are largely compiled under the influence of national aspirations. . . . There is no doubt that on this question the opinion of geographers and travelers not belonging to any of the Balkan races has greater importance. . . .

One specialist in Eastern questions who has traveled up and down the Balkans in every direction, M. Victor Bérard, devotes a large part of his work, "La Turquie et l'hellénisme contemporain" (Paris, 6th ed., 1912), to prove the purely Bulgarian character of the Slavs in Macedonia and the weakness of the Serbian thesis. He personally traveled throughout Macedonia and established the fact that the peasants when asked "What are you?" answer "I'm a Bulgar." M. Louis Léger, professor in the Collège de France, the well-known specialist in Slavic questions, considers Macedonia "a land essentially Bulgarian" (see "Les luttes séculaires des Germains et des Slaves," Paris, 1911, p. 23). The French Colonel Léon Lamouche, who speaks the principal Balkan languages and who has lived in Macedonia a long time, considers that "the villages in the interior of Macedonia are inhabited exclusively by Bulgarians" (see "La Bulgarie dans le passé et le présent," Paris, 1892, p. 144). An Englishman, an authority on Balkan questions, Arthur John Evans, declares that the Bulgarian population exceeds in numbers all other races throughout Macedonia (see "Macédoine telle qu'elle est," an article published in *Revue périodique*). A German, Professor G. Weigand of the University of Leipzig, expresses the same opinion in "Die nationalen Bestrebungen der Balkanvölker," Leipzig, 1898, p. 192. Again, let us refer to the testimony of the Czechs Vatslov Vondrak and Vladimir Sis, to the Swede Jensen, and, in conclusion, the collective testimony of the Protestant Mission which, on August 5, 1913, in a letter addressed to the Powers, writes: "Macedonia is Bulgarian in origin, in language, and in customs."

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A Serbian Document

Nevertheless this testimony does not exhaust the subject. The Serbs do not deny that the Macedonian Slavs call themselves Bulgarians by name, but they maintain that this nomenclature by no means signifies consciousness of a national unity. One of the best-known defenders of the Serbian cause, M. Gopchevich (in "Macedonien und Altserbien," Vienna, 1889), explains that the Macedonian Slavs systematically avoided calling themselves Serbs in order to avert the hatred of the Turks, who saw in the Serbs their bitterest enemies. Because of this simple precaution the Slavs of Macedonia adopted the name of a Mongolian horde which arrived in the peninsula in the seventh century, a hundred years after the Slavs, but which entirely blended with their Slav predecessors, leaving no trace in the land except their name. And so the Slavs of what is now Macedonia unconsciously make a mistake in calling themselves Bulgarians. This argument is well grounded in part. It is true that the name Bulgarian is not at all Slavic, but is the name of an Urgo-Finnish horde which crossed the Danube in the seventh century and penetrated into the Balkan Peninsula, where they found Slavs already established, by whom they themselves were assimilated. And even today ethnographers discover in the Bulgarians physiological traits which are characteristic of other Turanian races—the Hungarians and the Turks. But this appeal to remote history undoubtedly carries little weight, as it is proved that the Slavs in Macedonia really believe that they differ from the Serbs and energetically insist on their Bulgarian character and demand that, as such, they be treated as a racial minority.

The Linguistic Dispute

Another very active dispute—the linguistic—has arisen between the protagonists of the Serbian and of the Bulgarian contentions. The Serbians claim that the Bulgarian language is a variety of the Jugoslavian language—barely distinguishable from it. The Bulgarian thesis, on the contrary, maintains the original character of the language of the Macedonian Slavs. The truth is that both languages originated from one and the same source—the old Slavonic language, which the Slavs settled in Macedonia spoke before the coming of the Bulgarians. . . . The Bulgarian and Serbian languages have been developing in different directions since the Middle Ages. Serbian, deprived of the definite articles, was compelled to use declensions, and remained, like the Russian, synthetic, while Bulgarian adopted the definite articles and used prepositions, as is the case with Romance languages. . . . The Macedonian dialects, because of these same peculiarities, are clearly connected with the Bulgarian language.

Culture

On the other hand, the Serbian contention seems to be upheld by the fact that almost all literary relics in Macedonia are Serbian. . . . The author of this report has not the data to express a dogmatic opinion upon so complicated a question. . . .

The writer cannot refrain from expressing his impressions: First that the majority of non-Slavic authorities whom he consulted *categorically state that there exists a real difference between the Macedonian Slavs and the Slavs in Serbia.* In view of this, then, the Macedonian Slavs are proved to represent a national minority. At the same time the author has the feeling, which he shares with others, that this difference, however real, is not such as to prevent the relatively easy and speedy rapprochement of the Serbian and Bulgarian elements; neither in type, in languages, institutions, nor in culture are they fundamentally different. So that, in reality, Serbs and Bulgars are varieties of the great South-Slav family, united, at least in part, by a common religion. Under these circumstances, a rapprochement would not be impossible, which would one day bring about assimilation, if both sides made a serious effort of good-will.

On the one hand, it is natural that the Government of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes should be disturbed by the course which Macedonian propaganda often takes. Certain organizations, usually with their headquarters abroad, carry on a purely revolutionary propaganda. The very memorandum addressed to the League of Nations by the representatives of the Slavic minorities in Macedonia, dated September 18, 1924, admits the existence of this revolutionary movement and tries to justify it to a certain extent by the cruel conduct of the Jugoslav Government. However, it is contrary both to the spirit and the letter of the treaties on minorities, which cannot be applied except to minorities which have not broken their loyalty to the states to which they belong. It is not through revolutionary procedure that the Macedonian Slavs will win the good-will of the Belgrade Government.

On the other hand, once it is proved that the Bulgarian institutions in Macedonia—churches, monasteries, schools, gymnasia, etc.—have been closed, and that the Macedonian children (as the memorandum addressed to the League maintains) are compelled to go to Serbian schools, we would be justified in considering that such procedure, too, is no more in accordance with the letter or the spirit of the treaties of 1919, which provided specific regulations to insure the welfare and security of those inhabitants who are nationals of other governments.

It is our duty to make note of the fact that no complaint has reached the committee directly from the Slavic elements of Macedonia who live in the region itself. The complaints, memoranda, and documents have come exclusively from emigrants, the greater part of whom are refugees in Bulgaria, and it is natural that the Serbs should deny the value of such testimony. . . . On the other hand, the number of refugees is so considerable that it is difficult to ascribe to them exclusively political and revolutionary motives. A great number of these refugees appear to be simple peasants, who wish nothing better than to go back to their own fatherland. . . . It is here that a state of affairs appears which is muddled, cruel, and dangerous, to which the committee should certainly call the attention of the governments interested and of the League of Nations.

Contributors to This Issue

Hendrik van Loon has illustrated most of his own books, including "The Story of Mankind."

Struthers Burt is part owner of a ranch in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. He wrote "The Diary of a Dude-Wrangler" and other novels.

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Allen Tate was editor of the *Fugitive*.

Note: E. Carleton MacDowell is investigator at the Cold Spring Harbor station of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, not director of the biological laboratory there, as he was incorrectly described in *The Nation* for February 17.

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